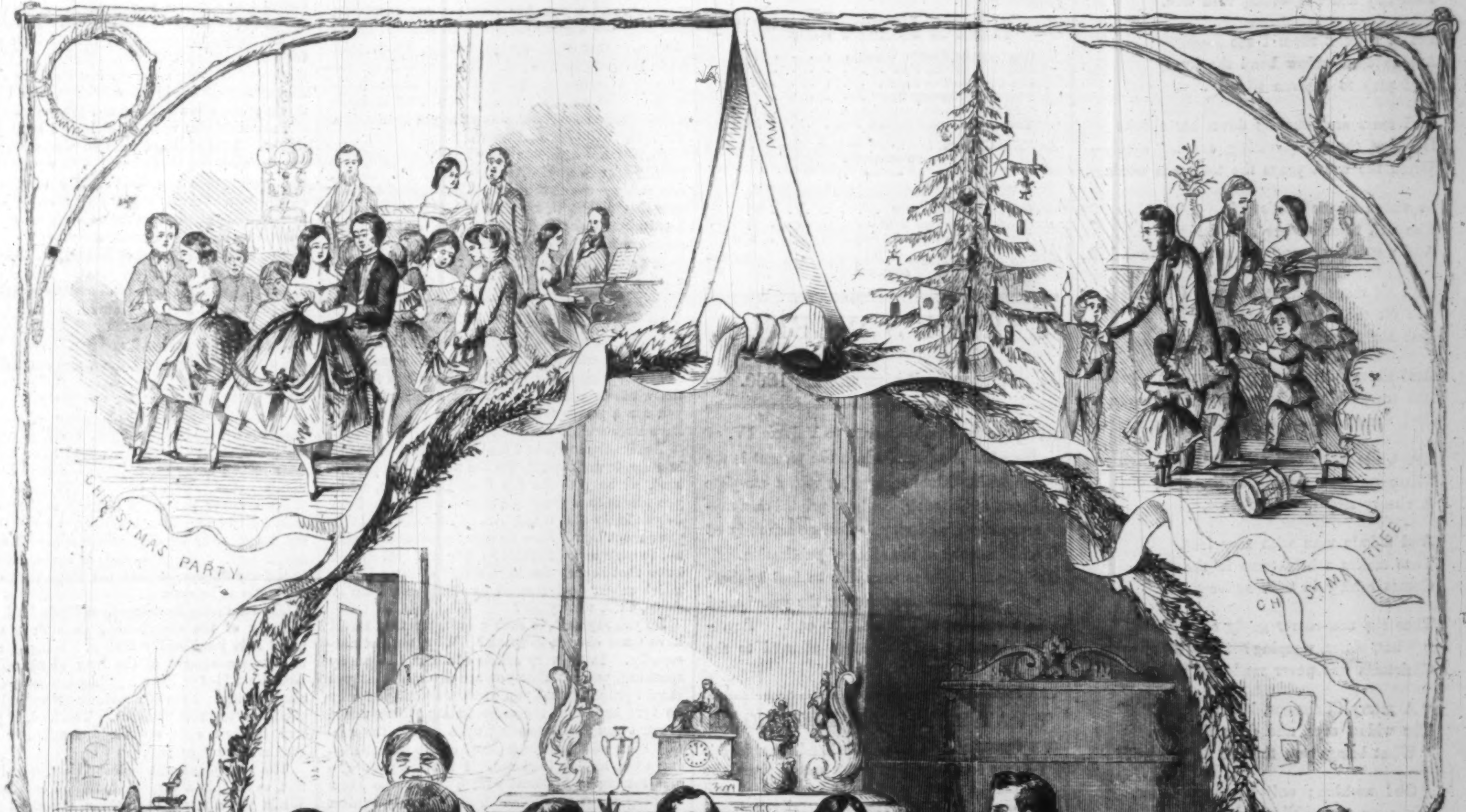
HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. IV.—No. 209.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1860. [Price Five Cents.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.


CHRISTMAS PARTY.
CHRISTMAS TREE
SANTA CLAUS
HANGING up the STOCKING
CHRISTMAS DINNER
POOR MAN'S CHRISTMAS.
CHRISTMAS in the PARK

CHRISTMAS-DAY, 1860.

The Christmas Gift.

THE Christmas morn is bright and clear,
And through the frosty atmosphere
Heaven seems more than ever near.

And silver-sounding through the air,
The chimes are thrilling, here and there,
Sweet music melting into prayer.

Through the broad streets a motley throng
Of joyous faces sweeps along,
With smiles that touch the heart like song.

For ne'er from voice or instrument
Was ever richer music sent
Than the sweet smile of calm content.

And over all the city flows,
As dew descends upon the rose,
A silent joy, a sweet repose.

So fair the day, so fair the show,
It rends one's very soul to know
That any heart is wrung with woe.

Yet in a quiet room I see
A pale-faced widow bend the knee,
And pray to Heaven silently.

And tears are coursing down her cheek:
Her lips, though quivering, can not speak—
When the heart prays the tongue is weak.

In virtue of the poet's gift,
The vail from off her soul I lift,
And watch the thoughts that heavenward drift.

And all those earnest prayers, I know,
Are for the boy that long ago
Left her to sadness and to woe.

And though he be—she knows not where—
She tracks him with her mother's prayer,
And wastes her days 'twixt hope and care.

But while her sweet petitions soar,
There comes a ringing at the door,
A cheery step upon the floor,

And a hale man with rosy face,
That makes a brightness in the place,
Comes briskly in with active pace.

Thus the new-comer gayly cries,
"What, sister, weeping? Dry those eyes:
Christmas was never made for sighs."

"A merry Christmas, brother dear!"
The widow says, and dries the tear.
"What brings you thus so early here?"

"Oh! nothing; only that, you know,
Since we were children long ago,
And tumbled in the Christmas snow,

"Each Christmas-day I've given to you
Some little present, to renew
The love that long has linked us two.

"This year the thing escaped my mind;
You must not think me grown unkind,
Or that my love in aught's declined.

"But I have just dropped in to say,
That though my gift's postponed a day,
To-morrow forfeit I will pay.

"Come, tell me what you most desire—
An opal with its soul of fire,
Or chain of Malta's tenuous wire?

"Or do you love the amethyst,
That seems by purple sunsets kissed,
And faintly wreathed in evening mist?"

A faint smile plays across her face,
And lights it with a sorrowing grace,
Like moonlight on a lonely place.

"Ah, brother!" softly she replies,
While tears brim o'er her patient eyes,
"There is but one gem that I prize.

"Could you but give my boy to me,
I'd forfeit all the gems that be
In far Brazil or India's sea."

"Open the door!" the brother cries,
With pleasure leaping from his eyes;
"Here is my gift—and here your prize!"

The chamber-doors are flung apart—
With one loud sob, and one quick dart,
The prodigal lies on her heart!

Far sweeter than the chiming bells
That sound o'er towns and country dells
Is the joy that up from that chamber wells.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE
AND
HARPER'S WEEKLY.

THE Publishers have the pleasure of announcing that *Harper's Magazine* for the ensuing year will contain new Stories

By Thackeray and the Author of "Adam Bede;"

and that in Number 204 (Nov. 24) of *Harper's Weekly* a new Novel by CHARLES DICKENS, entitled

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1860.

☞ A HANDSOME Title-page to Volume IV. of *Harper's Weekly*, of which the present is the concluding Number, together with a complete Index of Contents, has been printed on a separate sheet, and may be had gratuitously of all agents, or at the office of publication.

☞ MUSLIN COVERS may also be had by those who wish their Numbers for the year bound in a volume, at FIFTY CENTS each. TWENTY-FIVE per cent. discount allowed to the Trade.

WHAT THEY SAY IN EUROPE.

WHEN the recent political and financial crisis burst upon us a few weeks since, the first thought of many people was—What will they say in Europe? It was generally supposed that the news of the proximate dissolution of the Union would excite the delight of the despots of Europe, and of all who are opposed to democratic government; it was universally understood that a financial revulsion of the most terrible character would follow the announcement of the fall in foreign exchange here, and of the general stagnation in business.

Well, they have got the news in Europe. And we are bound to say that, thus far, neither of the above expectations has been realized. No expression of delight has been uttered by any European despot or aristocrat. On the contrary, the voice of England has been eloquently and loudly raised for the maintenance of the Union; and France has, it is said, declared that, in the event of the dissolution of the Union, it will not recognize the Southern Confederacy. Letters from Germany intimate that the German powers will pronounce for the Union also.

Not only this, but there is no financial trouble abroad, and no prospect of any. Europe is sending us a couple of millions of gold per week, and is doing it cheerfully, knowing that the unnatural operation of shipping specie from Europe to America must involve a decline in the price of all our staples—cotton, breadstuffs, tobacco, rice, provisions, etc.—of which she is the principal consumer. So far from being frightened at what has happened, England laughs at us for our fright. So far from sending our stocks back for redemption, England buys more at the decline.

It is true that at our latest dates from Europe the full danger of disunion was not realized. It was not generally believed that the Cotton States were sincere in their purposes, and it was not suspected that the border States were willing to co-operate with them. The Message of the President had not been received, nor was it known that South Carolina would act as early as she has done. Perhaps when the Europeans receive these additional items of information they will take a more gloomy view of the future. But it is certain that, at present, they are neither alarmed for their commercial nor exultant about their political interests.

THE LOUNGER.

ABUSED WORDS.

A FEW weeks since the Lounger implored a little charity for a few words, of the most ordinary kind indeed, but which are latterly treated with extraordinary indignity. The word "begin" is one of them—a word which has done faithful service in the language from the beginning, but which is now discarded for "commencement"—a good word, doubtless, but which shows no such very obvious superiority to the other that it should be constantly substituted for it.

Just at this moment, in the high and solemn debate which is going on in the country, the word "rupture" is most cavalierly supplanted by the clumsy term "disruption." The word "rupture" is derived from the Latin *rumpo*, to break; and it means the act of breaking and the state of being violently parted. What greater force than this has "disruption?" The prefix "dis" implies separation, as in "disunion;" but in a word which of itself has the same force it is superfluous, and therefore weakening.

So long as we talk, and write letters, and make speeches, let all be done decently, and in good grammar.

There is another word in which this State is interested, and which has recently changed itself, and begs the whole universe to take notice of the change. Our westernmost county, Chatauqua, has altered its final vowel. It was spelled formerly *que;* it is now spelled *qua.* The reason is obvious. The good old county was tired of being called Chatork, and it has so arranged it that it is now sure to get its final vowel.

So please don't abuse it by spelling it *que*, and calling tauqua *tork.* All the courts, and officers, and newspapers of the county have given in their adhesion to the new spelling. The oldest bank has its notes engraved *Chatauqua;* and all legal papers adopt the same form. It seems to have been a unanimous but peaceful revolution. "Disruption" is another affair.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WINDOW QUESTION.

DEAR LOUNGER,—In a recent number I saw that you had a great deal to say about the discomfort of close cars, and of somebody's futile efforts to have the windows opened on a moist evening. Now, you are a pretty fair fellow, and I should like to have a reasonable word with you.

You know as well as I that if a window is opened in a car, it works badly for the person who sits behind, for he gets the full blast in his face, while you who open it get only a pleasant coolness. How do you know that it may not be very distasteful to your neighbor? How do you know that he may not be very uncomfortable? Yes, and how do you know that he may not have a cold or some illness which might be increased by the steady gush of sharp, chill, wintry air?

Do you say that, in such a case, the man would have sense enough to speak? Why, no, not necessarily. In the very article of which I began by speaking, you say that you are not sure that you should practice what you preach, and so you may be very sure that the same feeling which would prevent you from insisting upon having the window open would prevent many a man from insisting upon having it closed. I knew a man who was rowing in his boat with a friend who knew nothing about rowing and pulled directly against the other. But the other said nothing, and merely put out strength enough to keep the boat moving properly.

Or would you say that the fresh air can't hurt any body, and that your neighbor ought to like it, and that science shows how human life is shortened and the human system poisoned by foul air? Will you quote Florence Nightingale, who considers fresh air a panacea? Certainly you may be right, and science and Miss Nightingale may be right; but who made you the judge in your neighbor's case? Suppose he says, "Darn your fresh air, I've got a sore throat or a thin coat, and it makes me hoarse or makes me chilly. I don't care for your science, nor that dear lady, Miss Nightingale, except to admire her bravery and devotion; I want to be comfortable, and I'll take the risk of poison; please, shut the window." What will you do, dear Lounger? Isn't it just as selfish in you to keep the window open when he seriously wants it shut, as it would be in him if he sat in your place to insist upon keeping it shut when you wanted it open? It may have come to a contest of generosity between you; but I am inclined to think that you would shut the window and conquer.

That is just the difficulty in the matter of travel in cars. You can do nothing with the window that does not implicate the comfort of other people, and you ought to consider that quite as much as your own. And there is something more. There is no doubt that as our cars are arranged the violent draught of air, although it may be fresh may be also really dangerous. If you could have fresh air merely, nobody would object; but when you must have it in a way which may be injurious, then you must strike a balance of evils between the hot air and the cold. I remember traveling once by night upon the Erie road—and there, if any where, you have the pure poison of foul air. The atmosphere of the car when I opened the door at midnight to step in was overpowering. There was something deadly and appalling in the miasma which poured out as I entered. As I sat down I opened a window, as instinctively as you would snatch a board if you were drowning, and I plunged my head out into the starry coldness of the night. I had scarcely done so when a hand was laid upon my shoulder from behind. "Please, Sir," said a plaintive voice, "my wife is very ill, and the sharp air pains her." Closing the window, I turned and saw a sallow man sitting upon the next seat with a pale invalid face lying upon his shoulder. They were poor emigrants going West.

The true remedy for the difficulty would be a system of ventilation which should allow the escape of the foul air without exposing any body to the cutting draught. That will come with the Millennium. It will come when public halls are properly ventilated, when public streets are properly swept, and when public common-sense suggests that public health and morality are closely allied to public prosperity.

Meanwhile let us get as much fresh air as we can, dear Lounger, but when we are pinched, let us remember that it is not altogether because other people want to breathe foul air.

Yours fraternally,
BOHEMIAN.

THE VERGE OF THE PIT.

MY name is Chirrup (or something very like it), and until very lately I was a foremost man in the Detective department of Her Majesty's Police Establishment. I am considerably below the age at which police officials are entitled to retire on half-pay; but having received an awkward stab in the neck, while capturing a renowned thief, the injury was allowed to reckon time, and retired I am.

During my thirteen years of active service I earned for myself a fair reputation for skill and cunning as a snarer of jail-birds. I have vanity enough to believe that I deserve it. I could count on my fingers the number of times I have strayed from the rigid path of duty. Yet I have the satisfaction of deriving more comfort from the commission of at least one of the said slips, than from any dozen of my most brilliant achievements.

I am reminded of it by a letter I have just received. It bears the Canadian post-mark, and is fraught with pleasant news. The writer tells me he is prosperous and happy. He alludes to me as his "dear friend" and "preserver." Why he does so—why, indeed, he corresponds with me at all—involves rather a singular story.

One night, at the end of November, 1849, I was returning from a business jaunt. It was a bitter night. It was too late for omnibuses, not a cab was to be seen: so, from Hammersmith to Chelsea, I had to trudge it afoot.

For business reasons I was handsomely dressed, and wore rings on my fingers, and carried a gold watch and chain. My seal-skin coat, however, buttoned up to my throat for comfort sake, covered up my finery with the exception of the rings. Had I worn gloves, you will perhaps say, as a Christian should, these too would have been hidden. But I never liked gloves—always liked my hands naked, and at liberty. There is another thing I never yet could manage, and that is, to hold a pipe in my mouth without the assistance of my hand. For comfort sake, on my bleak journey, I smoked my pipe, and, as usual, held it between my fingers, so that the rings thereon were distinctly to be seen.

The road from Kensington to Hyde Park Corner is never of the cheerfulest; on a dark winter's night it is insufferably dreary. When I reached the commencement of the long blank wall that faces Gore House I saw a pedestrian some distance ahead of me. I am of a sociable turn of mind, and the discovery was pleasant. Thinks I, if you are inclined for a chat, my friend, a mile or so of the road may be lightened.

The man ahead was walking slowly, and I very fast, so that, in a very short time, I overtook him. While yet a few paces behind, I noticed that he was of slim build, and that his clothing was spare, and not at all adapted to the season. It was still snowing heavily; it was heaped round the rim of his hat, and his shoulders were white with it.

"Pardon me, Sir," said I; "if you will accept the shelter of my umbrella as far as you go, you are welcome."

He bowed politely, without saying a word, and, stepping to my side, accommodated his pace to mine.

"Terrible weather, Sir!"

No response.

"Much worse in the country, I hear."

"Sir," said he, in a quick, high voice, and wheeling broad before me, "I must have your money! Do you hear me? I MUST have it!"

If I was not alarmed, I must confess I was considerably astonished. I felt pretty much as might a rider whose horse had suddenly turned its head toward him, and exclaimed, "Sir, I must have your whip! Throw it me this minute!" *I* to be stopped by a highwayman! Armed with a pistol, too!

Such a highwayman! Such a pistol! I believe I, at that time, had the honor of acquaintance with every rascal in and about London; but certainly this was not one of them. There was not an atom of ruffianism in his appearance. He could not have been older than twenty, and his pale, boyish face was but a sorry field for ferocity. As to his "weapon," it was of the cheap "Brummagem" school, with a barrel capacious enough for an ounce bullet, and a stock scarce strong enough to crack a walnut. Having shown me the terrible thing, he was content to let it dangle loosely in his hand. I was possessed of no other weapon but my umbrella, which I carefully closed, and took convenient hold of, in case of an accident.

"How long have you been at this trade, my friend?" I inquired.

"That can be of little consequence to you," replied he, with a feeble attempt at ferocity. "I am in earnest; give me your purse at once! I see you are a rich man (pointing at my rings). Give me your purse, and save me the crime of shooting you."

"We will settle the shooting question first," said I, at the same time suddenly twitching the Brummagem pistol from his hand with the crooked handle of my umbrella, and crunching it into the snow with my heel. "Now I, too, am in earnest. I am Detective-sergeant Chirrup, and you are my prisoner!"

I placed my hand on his shoulder; but he slid from beneath; slid first to his knees, and then on to his face, as might a man without bones, and there lay on the snow, as quiet and as white as it. He had fainted.

Here was a pretty predicament! What was I to do with the dead jail-bird? "Stand by him till a constable comes this way; then haul him off, and see him properly caged." That was the suggestion of John Chirrup, the officer. But there was another John Chirrup, formerly a gardener at Chiswick, and out of whom Christian charity had not been entirely squeezed, in spite of many years of police blue and stiff-leather stock; and the small voice of John Chirrup, the gardener, spoke up; it said, "It would be a thousand pities to take the poor wretch to prison. That he is not a practiced thief is certain; he isn't a thief at all, *I* believe. Look at him. Lord knows the amount of misery and privation that led him to commit this mad blunder. Let him go!"

Where? If John Chirrup, the gardener, could have answered that question, or even supplied a satisfactory reason for supposing that he would ever "go" again, unless assisted to his legs, and started, I might have slipped half-a-crown into his waistcoat-pocket, laid him under the wall, and passed on; but he lay so dead and still that this was not to be thought of. So I knelt down by the side of the prostrate young man, and chafed his temples and his hands with snow till he opened his eyes. For a moment he regarded me confusedly, and then, evidently remembering what had transpired, he buried his face in his hands, and sobbed and cried like a very small boy indeed.

"Come, young fellow," said I, "you had better bustle up, unless you wish to be frozen to death. What ails you? Have you been drinking?"

"No, God help me! no, nor eating either. Oh, my poor Clara! What an ending! What an ending!"

He made a shift to stand up as he spoke, and seeing his weak condition, I offered him my arm. "Don't hold me, please," said he. "I will walk quietly with you."

"And who is Clara?" I asked, as we walked along together.

"My wife, Sir," replied he, coolly.

"Pray what does she do while you take to the highway?"

He stopped short, and clenched his mites of fists as though about to knock me down for my impertinence; but noting my imperturbable demeanor, he altered his mind, and replied to my question.

"I will tell you, Sir, what she is doing," said he, bitterly; "she is lying ill and hungry; she is lying, awake and in the dark, listening for my return from a begging errand—as she was led to believe—to my father's brother—curse him! Poor little woman!" continued he, softly, "I hope what I so dreaded may now come soon. I hope she may die. I hope she may die before the morning, and be spared a knowledge of this!"

When John Chirrup, the gardener, heard this woeful little outburst he floored Sergeant Chirrup in the most handsome manner, and compelled that functionary to put the case entirely into his hands. Said he:

"Now, look here, young man! you know as well as I do that your behavior to-night renders you liable to transportation. I have told you I am a detective-sergeant. Here's my warrant to vouch for the fact. What you have related to me may be gammon, and it may be truth. I'm inclined to believe you. Prove what you have said to be true; if you can, you may yet escape the pit to the verge of which your rashness has brought you."

He took from his pocket an old pocket-book.

"You may find something there," said he, apathetically, "that may convince you."

Without scruple I opened it. There were pawnbrokers' tickets for wearing apparel; a printed notice to quit the "back room on the second floor of the house situate 27 B—— Street, Camden Town;" and a letter addressed, in a business hand, to "Mr. Thomas Shive," at the above-mentioned residence. I took the letter from its envelope and read it. It ran:

"Crutched Friars.

"Sir,—To your repeated and impertinent applications to me for pecuniary assistance, I once more and finally reply that I have nothing to give. It is clear to me that your destitution is not nearly so extreme as your pride, or you would apply for relief, as your father's long payment of poor-rates entitles you, to the authorities of the parish in which you reside. Owen Shive."

I had no longer any doubt as to the truth of his story, and as at the moment an empty cab happened to pass, I hailed it, and together we rode to my house in Cheyne Row. I had ordered a fire and a comfortable bit of supper to be ready in my room, so that I had no difficulty in entertaining my young friend, the highwayman. We supped together, as we had rode, in perfect silence, and then I brewed a little grog, and bade him draw his chair to the fire.

"Now," said I, "tell me all about this strange business."

"First let me thank you," said he, taking my big hand between both his, and bowing his boyish head over it—"let me thank you for your great kindness; not so much to myself as to she whose life is so tenderly woven with mine, let me on my knees express my gratitude for the mercy you have showed us."

Good gracious! I wonder what Scotland Yard would have thought had it seen the ridiculous sight! I wonder how Sergeant Chirrup would have felt if Superintendent Twitcher had at that moment put his official head and neck in at the door! My young friend somewhat recovered his equanimity presently, and allowed himself to be reseated. Then, in a tedious and roundabout way, he told me his story.

How that his father (whose only son my young friend was) and his uncle had, for many years, carried on, as partners, a shipping agency business; how that Clara, a little child of eight years, had arrived, per *Firefly*, from Calcutta, an orphan, her parents having died on the homeward voyage; and how, by some means, the child had found quarters at Shive & Co.'s shipping-office, and was eventually adopted by the firm. How that my young friend's father, by-and-by, died; and how his brother Owen made out, to the satisfaction of those whose business it was, that the defunct shipping-agent was not his partner at all, never had been, and that the business and its belongings was his entirely, including the accumulated profits. How after this, his nephew, Thomas, was honored with a seat among the junior clerks, at a slender salary. How that Clara grew up, in Owen Shive's house, from a pretty child to a beautiful young woman; how that young Thomas made successful love to her. How that gray-headed Owen Shive made love to her too, and offered her his lean old hand in marriage. How that the frightened little maid neither rejected nor accepted it, but carried the dismal intelligence to junior clerk Thomas, who married her out of hand; and how that presently the storm gathered and broke, sweeping the junior clerk off his stool and out of the house, barring the door to his future ingress.

Since that time, now a year ago (and yet Thomas Shive was only twenty-two next birthday), there had been a gradual descent of sufferings for the silly young couple. Thomas had tried law-writing and keeping the accounts of dilatory tradesmen, and other starving occupations; he had tried "light-portering" even, but his strength had failed beneath the hundredweights which, in that capacity, he was expected to carry. He had been ill abed, one time for five weeks, and another time for two months. His wife, too, had been ill, and there had been a baby born and buried within the last month, and the undertaker, almost as clamorous as the landlady, dunning at the door, and explaining to the little mob that generally collected the facts of the case: "what a first-rate ellem coffin it was; how they would have it kivered with white cloth; and how, arter all, he had only got half his money. He wasn't going to be robbed. What was the parish for but to bury such beggars' brats?" This, among other kindred circumstances, it was that induced my young friend to mortgage his overcoat, purchase the Brummagem pistol, and take to the road.

There was nothing to be done that night, so I made Master Thomas a bed on the sofa, and then retired for a few hours' sleep, determined that my first business in the morning should be a visit to B—— Street, Camden Town.

He came rapping at my door before daylight.

"I beg your pardon, Sir," said he; "I don't know what time you usually rise, but I am thinking it is growing late."

Late! it was scarcely six o'clock, and, thanks to his precious business, I had not been abed more than three hours. Half asleep as I was, I wonder I did not tell him so. I was very glad that I did not, for I had told him overnight what were my intentions, and he must have been in a pretty pucker to know how she was getting on.

He wanted to come with me; but that I would not hear of. I promised to make a plausible excuse to his wife for his night's absence, and to make all haste back to him. I told him to go down to the kitchen, and sit with my housekeeper till I returned.

I found B—— Street in the most wretched part of Camden Town, and No. 27 one of the meanest houses in it. Knocking at the door, I inquired if Mrs. Shive lived there.

Replied the landlady, who came shambling up the passage, biting the corner of her apron nervously,

"I don't know what answer to make, master. They *did* live here, as their unfort'nate rent-book is a ready witness; but he has been away these two days, and she—"

"Mrs. Shive will do as well," interrupted I, pushing past her, and beginning to ascend the stairs. "Which is the room?"

"Second floor back. I s'pose you're the undertaker, and knows all about it."

"About what?"

"About the poor creter being dead."

Poor little highwayman! Poor little Eastern maid, who had shunned old love for young!

"Can I see her, my good woman?"

"Well, you can if you are quick; we have sent for the beadle, who will seal up the door till the coroner holds his quest on her."

She went first up two flights of stairs, and then opened a door. Here, on a low truckle bedstead, she lay: her hands folded over her bosom, her raven hair heaped on either side of the pillow, making her poor pinched face the whiter by contrast. Awfully beautiful she looked as she lay there, making such solemn stillness that the creaking of one's boots seemed a shameful thing, and leading one more bitterly than ever to regret the steepness of those stairs—they made one breathe so hard. On a table by the side of the bed, along with a water-jug and a medicine-phial, was an ink-bottle, with a pen in it.

"Oh yes, Sir, she had been writing," ejaculated the landlady, rightly interpreting my looks. "This was what it was. I thought I had better keep it for the owner."

She gave me, as she spoke, a scrap of paper. Written on it was a few words addressed to her husband, telling him that she had lain awake till the clock struck two, and that then she had experienced so strange a desire to sleep, that she thought she might never wake again; so she wrote him this good-by for fear; bidding him, for her sake, give up his bitter thoughts against Uncle Owen; God bless and keep him for his constant love, and farewell till they met hereafter.

I put the precious note in my pocket, compromising with the landlady's scruples, as to whether I had a right to it, by settling the arrears of rent. Then I went to an undertaker (not the one, luckily, who had buried the baby), and gave him orders to take possession of and decently bury the body when the coroner had done with it.

I hardly knew whether it would be better for me to hasten to young Shive with the woeful news, or to go right on to Crutched Friars and see what comfort I could get for him there. Finally, I resolved on the latter course.

I found Shive's shipping-office and I found Mr. Owen Shive in his private counting-house. He was by no means a nice person to look at. Allowing but a limited portion of avarice and cunning to every family, wonder at the total absence of either in Nephew Thomas ceased at once. Here it was, every grain of it and to spare, leaking out at a dozen different points of the old ship-broker's face; in his eyes, which were blinking and ferrety; in his nose, which was sharp and shrewish; in his stubbly, bristling hair, and in his odd yellow teeth.

"Well, Mr. Chirrup," said he, looking uneasy, and fidgeting with my card, "to what may I ascribe the honor of this visit?"

"You have a nephew, I believe, Sir," said I, coming to the point at once; "a young fellow named Thomas Shive?"

"I am so afflicted," replied he, grinning savagely.

"He wrote you a letter lately, I believe?"

"A letter, Sir! He has written me fifty, the whining, miserable rascal; each one containing enough of squalor and sickness to plague a town. Here are a few of them; read them, and judge for yourself."

He opened a drawer, and taking from it a little parcel of letters, tossed them to me across the table. I opened and read them carefully. There was much of imploring and humble appeal; but nothing of insolence, and no acknowledgment for a single shilling.

"Well, Sir," said I, "this is all true—less than true, if any thing."

"What! have you come here to defend them?" exclaimed the old fellow, working himself into a rage. "What pity can I have for him, the idle dog? Go away, Sir. Let me hear no more of the designing rascal, or the ungrateful wanton, his wife."

"She's dead," said I.

"Dead!" and he looked as does a man who dreams he has cause for shrieking and can not.

"Died last night in a dog-hole of a place, Camden Town way; all alone, too, and in the dark. She endeavored to scrawl him a message before she died. Your name is mentioned in it, Sir, so you may as well read it." I handed it to him, and he took it to the window, standing with his back to me while he read it.

"And he," said the old man, still with his back to me, and in a thick, altered voice, "where was he that she died alone?"

"Out; committing highway robbery," replied I.

He turned round quick as lightning.

"Good God! is that true?" said he.

"He was caught in the act," I replied.

It was a bitter cold morning; so cold that from a projecting ledge above icicles hung down before the windows of the counting-house; but it was blazing July with Mr. Shive: beads of perspiration trickled down his face as he walked to and fro across the room.

"By to-morrow morning, I suppose," said he, at last, "every newspaper in the land will ring with the accursed news that this felon, this highwayman, is my nephew."

"No doubt of it, Sir," said I, quietly.

"It mustn't be; I'd give five hundred pounds rather," he said, after another lengthy pause; then, turning sharply to me, he continued, "But what brings *you* here? I presume you have not paid me this visit for the sole purpose of communicating to me the news of my nephew's disgrace? Maybe you are able to suggest some means by which this ignominy may be spared me."

Nothing more lucky for the broaching of my plans could have happened than this last observation.

"Well, Sir," replied I, "I am happy to tell you there *is* a way by which you may escape disgrace. It happens, very fortunately for all concerned, that the party attacked by your nephew is a particular friend of mine. He is a biggish man this friend of mine, and could, if he had chosen, made short work of his assailant; but there was something so singular in his manner that he simply disarmed him, and gave him into my custody. Diligent inquiry has corroborated the painful story he told us, and my friend has resolved to give him another chance to lead an honest life, on one condition—that some one provides him with sufficient means to leave the country, and to start fair in some English colony—Canada, for instance."

"Provided *I* find the money?" snapped Mr. Shive. "Speak out, man. How much?"

"I should say about a fifth of the sum you suggested, Sir," I replied; "about one hundred pounds."

There was a silence of at least a minute; at last said he,

"I know nothing of your friend, Mr. Chirrup; if I supply this money, will *you* see it properly applied?"

"I will give you a written promise to do so, Sir?"

"And you will see poor Cla—will see his wife buried?"

"I will."

"Here, then," said he, "is a check for a hundred and twenty pounds. Be sure you make him understand how and why I give it him. Tell him I bestow it as I would bestow a stone on the neck of a dog, before I threw him in the river. Bring me certain news, my good Sir, within seven days, that he is out of the country, and I will make you a pretty present."

Scarcely able to believe in my tremendous success, I left the shipping-office, and hurried home straight. How I broke to him the doleful news of his wife's death, and how he bemoaned her, are pictures I don't at all care to dwell on. Within the next seven days I took to Crutched Friars news of the sailing of Thomas Shive for Canada.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

An Agreement of Opinion.—An old Connecticut parson, whose peculiarities of preaching were proverbial, and who was blessed with a temper of great value, was one day told by a parishioner that he did not like his sermons. "Well," said the old man, "I don't wonder at it. I don't like 'em myself."

What musical instrument has had an honorary degree conferred upon it?—Fiddle D.D.

An artist painted a cannon so natural, the other day, that when he finished the touch-hole it went off. Sorry to say it was taken for rent by the broker.

"So there's another corruption of Mount Vociferous," said Mrs. Partington, as she put up her specs. "The paper tells us about burning leather running down the mountain, but it don't tell how it got a-fire."

"Didn't you tell me, Sir, you could hold the plow?" said a farmer to a green Irishman whom he had taken on trial. "Arrah, be aisy now!" said Pat. "How the deuce can I hould it and two horses drawing it away from me? But give it to me in the barn, and be jabers I'll hould it with any body!"

The charitable festivals out West must be particularly attractive. The young ladies there have adopted the delicious custom of forming a line, and for a given price permitting the gentlemen to take a running kiss of the lot. Who wouldn't be benevolent under such circumstances? The only thing open to objection is the "running." One would like to linger over such a work of charity.

If there is any better advertisement extant than this, in the *Cairo Gazette*, let us hear of it: "Lorst!—A smart slut purp, about the size and age of a young dorg, of black and tan complecksbun, and antiral proclivities. Had on when she left a pair of sassy bobbed ears, a long tail, and a lame streak on the off fore leg. Five dollars reward will be paid for the recovery of this interesting animile, by Joe Abell."

The two Smiths.—A gentleman, with the same Christian and surname, took lodgings in the same house with James Smith. The consequence was, eternal confusion of calls and letters. Indeed, the postman had no alternative but to share the letters equally between the two. "This is intolerable, Sir," said our friend, "and you must quit." "Why am I to quit more than you?" "Because you are James the Second—and must *abdicate*."

The wife of a well-known literary gentleman, while reading one of his articles for the press, corrected it as she went along—and the errors were somewhat numerous. "Why, husband," she exclaimed, "you don't know the first rules of grammar, or else you are very negligent!" "Well, well, my love," he exclaimed, looking up from his work, "what's the matter now?" "Why, in three cases you speak of our sex in the plural, and write it in the singular number." "I can't help it," was the retort; "woman is a singular being."

My friend, the foreigner, called on me to bid farewell before he quitted town, and on his departure, he said, "I am going *at* the country." I ventured to correct his phraseology, by saying that we were accustomed to say, "going into the country." He thanked me for this correction, said he profited by my lesson, and added, "I will knock *into* your door on my return."

"My dear husband," said a devoted wife, "why will you not leave off smoking? It is such an odious practice, and makes your breath smell so!" "Yes," replied the husband, "but only consider the time I have devoted, and the money I have spent, to learn to smoke. If I should leave off now, all that time and money would have been wasted, don't you see?"

Dr. Cadogan, of Charles the Second's time, secured as his wife a wealthy lady, over whose property he had unfettered control. Against the money, however, there were two important points figuring under the head of "set-off"—the bride was old and querulous. After spending a few months in alternate fits of jealous hate and jealous fondness, the poor creature conceived the terrible fancy that her husband was bent on destroying her with poison, and so ridding his life of her execrable temper. One day, when surrounded by her friends, and in the presence of her lord and master, she fell on her back in a state of hysterical spasms, exclaiming: "Ah! he has killed me at last. I am poisoned!"—"Poisoned!" cried the lady friends, turning up the whites of their eyes. "Oh! gracious goodness! you have done it, doctor!"—"What do you accuse me of?" asked the doctor, with surprise. "I accuse you—of—killing me—ee," responded the wife, doing her best to imitate a death-struggle. "Ladies," answered the doctor, with admirable *nonchalance*, bowing to Mrs. Cadogan's bosom associates, "it is perfectly false. You are quite welcome to open her at once, and then you'll discover the calumny."

A Wise Nobleman.—Henry VIII. designed to send a nobleman on an embassy to Francis I. at a very dangerous juncture; but he begged to be excused, saying that such a threatening message to so hot-headed a prince as Francis I. might go near to cost him his life. "Fear not," said old Harry, "if the French king should take away your life, I would revenge you by taking off the heads of many Frenchmen now in my power." "But among all these heads," replied the nobleman, "there may not be one to fit my shoulders."

"Mamma," said a young lady to her mother, "what is emigrating?"

"Emigrating, dear, is a young lady going to live in Australia."

"What is colonizing, mamma?"

"Colonizing, my dear, is marrying there and having a family."

"Mamma, I should like to go Australia."

Mr. Rarey's Arms.—A Horse-pistol, and a Colt's revolver.

Wanted to Know.—If a man "pursues a path," is the path supposed to run away from him? Of what thickness is a "line of conduct?" When a clock "runs down," does it ever capsize itself?

"Bridget, where's the gridiron?" "An' sure, ma'am, I's jist after giving it to my sister's own cousin, Bridget O'Flaherty; the thing's so full of holes it's no good at all."

An old lady from a temperance village lately attended a party in town where Champagne was served, and was prevailed upon to take a glass. She drank two, when, smacking her lips, she exclaimed: "Well, it may be a wicked drink, but it's good!"

Mother. "Good-morning, George; how did you get along in your debating society last night?"

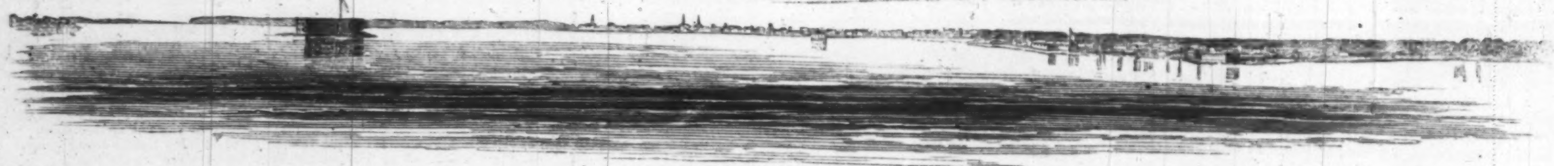
George. "Capital; we voted unanimously not to have any thing more to do with the women!"

"Dora, what did you do with that tallow that Mr. Jones greased his boots with this morning?" "Please, marm, I baked the griddle cakes with it." "You did, eh? I thought you had wasted it."

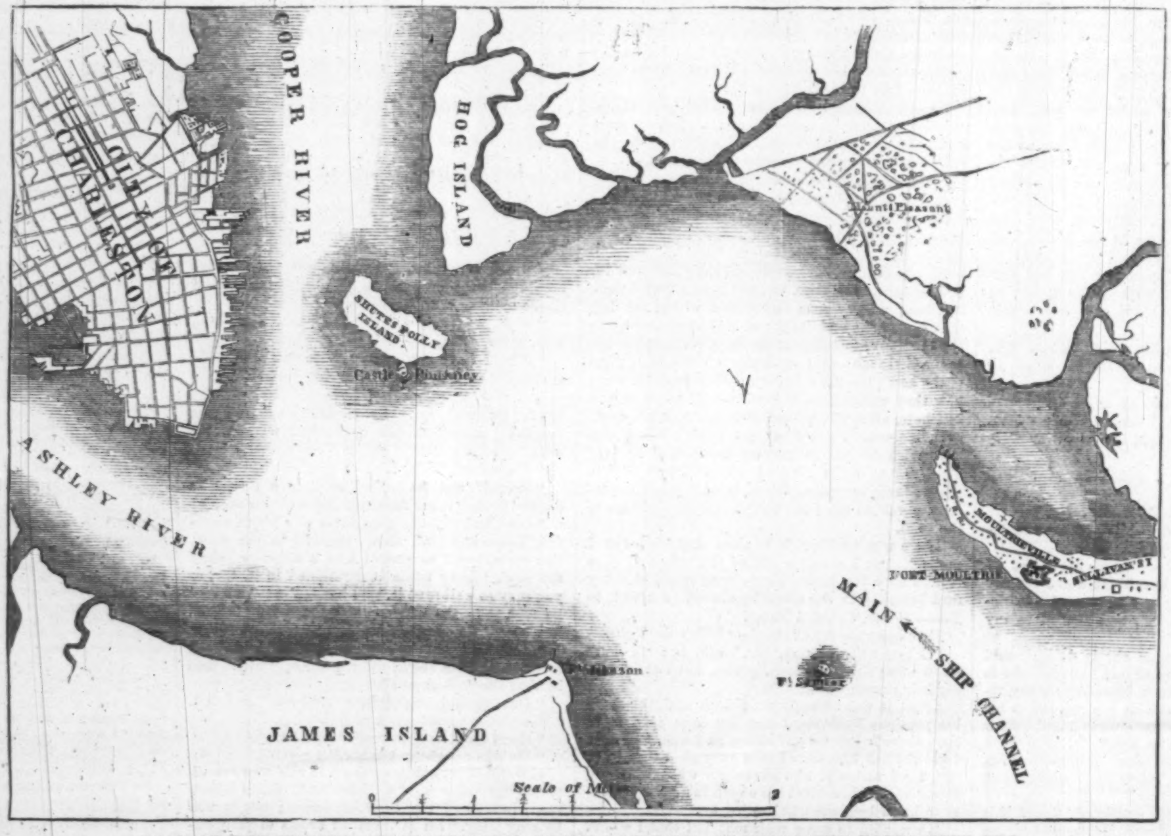
A master bade his servant go and see what time the sun-dial indicated. "Why, Sir," expostulated the servant, "it is night."—"What does that matter? Can you not take a candle?"

Last Sunday a young clergyman in an adjoining town endeavored to illustrate a point in his sermon by alluding to the recent eclipse of the sun; and to enlighten his hearers on the subject of eclipses, remarked that a solar eclipse was caused by the moon passing between us and the sun, and that an eclipse of the moon was produced "*in the same manner, by the sun passing between the earth and the moon!*" His congregation appreciated the information.

THE FORTS AND HARBOR OF CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.


FORT JOHNSTON.
FORT SUMTER.
CHARLESTON.
FORT MOULTRIE.
MOUNT PLEASANT.

PROFILE VIEW OF THE HARBOR OF CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA, SHOWING THE CITY AND FORTS.



PLAN OF THE HARBOR OF CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA, SHOWING THE FORTS, CITY, ETC.

THE accompanying Plan and View will enable our readers to understand the discussions which are pending in the papers on the subject of the Harbor of Charleston and the United States Forts situate therein. The latter are three in number: CASTLE PINCKNEY, FORT SUMTER, and FORT MOULTRIE on Sullivan's Island. The latter, which is the most important of the three, is held by one of the most gallant officers in the service—Major Anderson, of 2d Artillery, with only fifty-six men. The President has refused, in spite of the earnest appeals of General Scott, General Cass, Mrs. Anderson, and others, to reinforce Major Anderson; and in case of an attack upon FORT MOULTRIE he and his gallant little band would doubtless perish to a man. The Charleston *Mercury* thus describes the forts:

FORT MOULTRIE

is an inclosed water battery, having a front on the south, or water side, of about 300 feet, and a depth of about 240 feet. It is built with salient and re-entering angles on all sides, and is admirably adapted for defense, either from the attack of a storming party or by regular approaches.

The outer and inner walls are of brick, capped with stone, and filled in with earth, making a solid wall fifteen or sixteen feet in thickness. The work now in progress consists in cleaning the sand from the walls; ditching it around, and erecting a glacis; closing up the postern-gates in the east and west walls, and, instead, cutting sally-ports, which lead into strong outworks on the southeast and southwest angles, in which twelve-pounder howitzer guns will be placed, enabling the garrison to sweep the ditch on three sides with grape and canister. The northwest angle of the fort has also been strengthened by a bastionette, to sustain the weight of a heavy gun which will command the main street of the island. The main entrance has also been better secured, and a trap-door, two feet square, cut in the door for ingress and egress. At this time the height of the wall, from the bottom of the ditch to the top of the parapet, is twenty feet. The ditch is from twelve to fifteen feet wide at the base, and fifteen feet deep. The nature of the soil would not seem to admit of this depth being increased, quick-sand having been reached in many places.

The work on the south side is nearly finished. The counterscarp is substantially built of plank, and spread with turf. The glacis is also finished. It is composed of sand, and covered with layers of loam and turf, all of which is kept firmly in place by the addition of sections of plank nailed to uprights sunk in the sand, and crossing each other at right angles—making squares of about ten feet each. The purpose of the glacis, which is an inclined plane, is to expose an attacking party to the fire of the guns—which are so placed as to sweep it from the crest of the counterscarp to the edge of the beach. On the north side, all the wooden gun-cases have been placed close together on the ramparts, apparently for the purpose of securing it against an escalade, but possibly as a screen for a battery of heavy guns. A good many men are engaged in clearing the ramparts of turf and earth, for the purpose of putting down a very ugly-looking arrangement, which consists of strips of plank four inches wide, one inch and a half thick, and six or eight feet long, sharpened at the point, and nailed down, so as to project about three feet horizontally from the top of the walls.

A noticeable fact in the bastionettes, to which we have before alluded, is the haste in which one of them has been built. The one completed is formed of solid masonry. In constructing the other, however, a framework of plank has been substituted. Against the inside of this wooden outwork loose bricks have been placed. Both bastionettes are armed with a small carronade and a howitzer pointed laterally so as to command the whole intervening moat by a crossfire

FORT SUMTER,

a work of solid masonry, octagonal in form, pierced on the north, east, and west sides with a double row of port-holes for the heaviest guns, and on the south or land side, in addition to openings for guns, loop-holed for musketry, stands

BURNING OF THE CHARLESTON STEAMER "JOHN P. KING," NEW YORK, DECEMBER 18, 1860.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

in the middle of the harbor on the edge of the ship channel, and is said to be bomb-proof. It is at present without any regular garrison. There is a large force of workmen—some one hundred and fifty in all—busily employed in mounting the guns and otherwise putting this great strategic point in order. The armament of Fort Sumter consists of 140 guns, many of them being the formidable ten-inch "Columbiads," which throw either shot or shell, and which have a fearful range. Only a few of these are yet in position, and the work of mounting pieces of this calibre in the casemates is necessarily a slow one. There is also a large amount of artillery stores, consisting of about 40,000 pounds of powder, and a proportionate quantity of shot and shell. The workmen engaged here sleep in the fort every night, owing to the want of any regular communication with the city. The wharf or landing is on the south side, and is of course exposed to a cross-fire from all the openings on that side.

CASTLE PINCKNEY

is located on the southern extremity of a narrow slip of marsh land, which extends in a northerly direction to Hog Island Channel. To the harbor side the so-called castle presents a circular front. It has never been considered of much consequence as a fortress, although its proximity to the city would give it importance, if properly armed and garrisoned. From hasty observation we find that there are about fifteen guns mounted on the parapet; the majority of them are eighteen and twenty-four pounders. Some "Columbiads" are, however, within the walls. There are also supplies of powder, shot, and shell. At present there is no garrison at the post; the only residents are one or two watchmen, who have charge of the harbor light. Some thirty or forty day-laborers are employed repairing the cisterns and putting the place generally in order.

This concludes our sketch of the present aspect of affairs at the three forts, which were meant to be, and which should always remain, at once the pride and the safeguard of our city.

Fort Moultrie is about 3½ miles from the city of Charleston. It is, however, within easy cannon range of Mount Pleasant, and might be attacked from the village of Moultrieville.

BURNING OF THE STEAMER "JOHN P. KING."

WE publish on the preceding page an engraving of the destruction of the new Charleston steamship *John P. King*, which made her trial-trip last Monday. She was lying at her wharf, Pier 4, North River, when she took fire at about 8 A.M. on 18th inst.; the flames soon burst through the deck, and became irresistible. As she was endangering other shipping she was towed into the stream and sunk off the Battery in shoal water. She was built by Westervelt for Spofford & Tileston; cost $160,000, and was insured for $76,000. Her tonnage, by measurement, was 1600 tons. She was built expressly for the passenger trade between New York and Charleston. Rumor asserts that she would have carried a Palmetto Flag.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

A NOVEL.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

Splendidly Illustrated by John McLenan.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased from the Author by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER IX.

WHEN I reached home my sister was very curious to know all about Miss Havisham's, and asked a number of questions. And I soon found myself getting heavily bumped in the nape of the neck and the small of the back, and having my face ignominiously shoved against the kitchen wall, because I did not answer those questions at sufficient length.

If a dread of not being understood be hidden in the breasts of other young people to any thing like the extent to which it used to be hidden in mine—which I consider probable, as I have no particular reason to suspect myself of having been a monstrosity—it is the key to many reservations. I felt convinced that if I described Miss Havisham's as my eyes had seen it, I should not be understood. Not only that, but I felt convinced that Miss Havisham too would not be understood; and although she was perfectly incomprehensible to me, I entertained an impression that there would be something coarse and treacherous in my dragging her (to say nothing of Miss Estella) before the contemplation of Mrs. Joe. Consequently, I said as little as I could, and had my face shoved against the kitchen wall.

The worst of it was that that bullying old Pumblechook, preyed upon by a devouring curiosity to be informed of all I had seen and heard, came gaping over in his chaise-cart at tea-time to have the details divulged to him. And the mere sight of the torment, with his fishy eyes and mouth open, his sandy hair inquisitively on end, and his waistcoat heaving with windy arithmetic, made me vicious in my reticence.

"Well, boy," Uncle Pumblechook began, as soon as he was seated in the chair of honor by the fire. "How did you get on up town?"

I answered, "Pretty well, Sir," and my sister shook her fist at me.

"Pretty well?" Mr. Pumblechook repeated. "Pretty well is no answer. Tell us what you mean by pretty well, boy?"

Whitewash on the forehead hardens the brain into a state of obstinacy, perhaps. Any how, with whitewash from the wall on my forehead, my obstinacy was adamantine. I reflected for some time, and then answered, "I mean pretty well."

My sister, with an exclamation of impatience, was going to fly at me—I had no shadow of defense, for Joe was busy in the forge—when Mr. Pumblechook interposed with, "No! Don't lose your temper. Leave this lad to me, ma'am; leave this lad to me." Mr. Pumblechook then turned me toward him, as if he were going to cut my hair or take out one of my teeth, or perform some such operation, and said:

"First (to get our thoughts in order): Forty-three pence?"

I calculated the consequences of replying "Four Hundred Pound," and, finding them against me, went as near the answer as I could—which was somewhat about eightpence off. Mr. Pumblechook then put me through my pence-table from "twelve pence make one shilling," up to "forty pence make three-and-four pence," and then triumphantly demanded, as if he had done for me, "*Now!* How much is forty-three pence?" To which I replied, after a long interval of reflection, "I don't know." And I was so aggravated that I almost doubt if I did know.

Mr. Pumblechook worked his head like a screw to screw it out of me, and said, "Is forty-three pence seven and sixpence three fardens, for instance?"

"Yes!" said I. And although my sister instantly boxed my ears, it was highly gratifying to me to see that the answer spoilt his joke, and brought him to a dead stop.

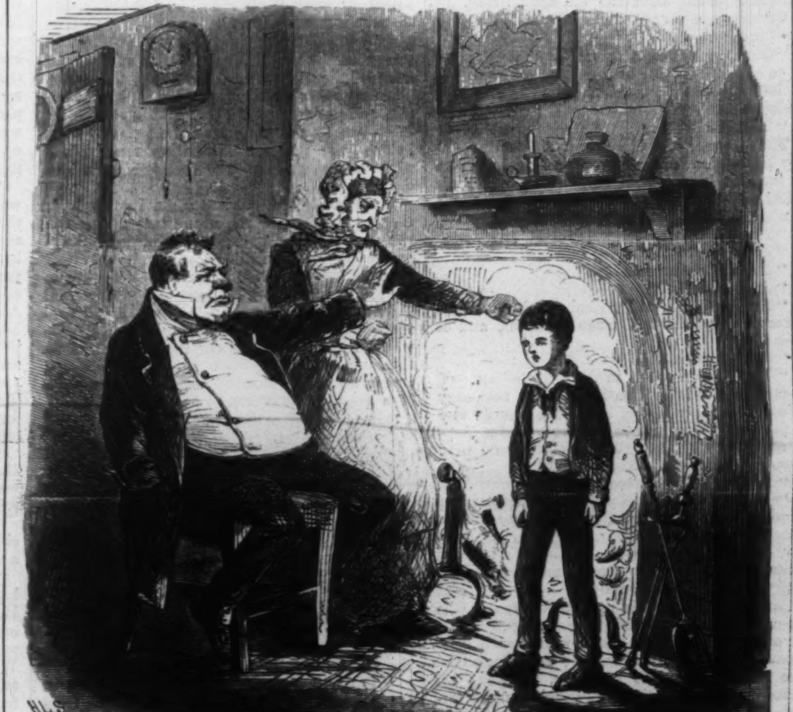
"Boy! What like is Miss Havisham?" Mr. Pumblechook began again when he had recovered; folding his arms tight on his chest and applying the screw.

"Very tall and dark," I told him.

"Is she, uncle?" asked my sister.

Mr. Pumblechook winked assent; from which I at once inferred that he had never seen Miss Havisham, for she was nothing of the kind.

"Good!" said Mr. Pumblechook, conceitedly. "This is the way to have him! We are beginning to hold our own, I think, Mum?"



"LEAVE THIS LAD TO ME, MA'AM; LEAVE THIS LAD TO ME."

"I am sure, uncle," returned Mrs. Joe, "I wish you had him always: you know so well how to deal with him."

"Now, boy! What was she a doing of when you went in to-day?" asked Mr. Pumblechook.

"She was sitting," I answered, "in a black velvet coach."

Mr. Pumblechook and Mrs. Joe stared at one another—as they well might—and both repeated, "In a black velvet coach?"

"Yes," said I. "And Miss Estella—that's her niece, I think—handed her in cake and wine at the coach-window, on a gold plate. And we all had cake and wine on gold plates. And I got up behind the coach to eat mine, because she told me to."

"Was any body else there?" asked Mr. Pumblechook.

"Four dogs," said I.

"Large or small?"

"Immense," said I. "And they fought for veal cutlets out of a silver basket."

Mr. Pumblechook and Mrs. Joe stared at one another again, in utter amazement. I was perfectly frantic—a reckless witness under the torture—and would have told them any thing.

"Where *was* this coach, in the name of gracious?" asked my sister.

"In Miss Havisham's room." They stared again. "But there weren't any horses to it." I added this saving clause, in the moment of rejecting four richly caparisoned coursers which I had had wild thoughts of harnessing.

"Can this be possible, uncle?" asked Mrs. Joe. "What can the boy mean?"

"I'll tell you, Mum," said Mr. Pumblechook. "My opinion is, it's a sedan-chair. She's flighty, you know—very flighty—quite flighty enough to pass her days in a sedan-chair."

"Did you ever see her in it, uncle?" asked Mrs. Joe.

"How could I?" he returned, forced to the admission, "when I never see her in my life? Never clapped eyes upon her?"

"Goodness, uncle! And yet you have spoken to her?"

"Why, don't you know," said Mr. Pumblechook, testily, "that when I have been there, I have been took up to the outside of her door, and the door has stood ajar, and she has spoke to me that way. Don't say that you don't know *that*, Mum. Howsever, the boy went there to play. What did you play at, boy?"

"We played with flags," I said. (I beg to observe that I think of myself with amazement, when I recall the lies I told on this occasion.)

"Flags!" echoed my sister.

"Yes, said I. "Estella waved a blue flag, and I waved a red one, and Miss Havisham waved one sprinkled all over with little gold stars, out at the coach-window. And then we all waved our swords and hurrahed."

"Swords!" repeated my sister. "Where did you get swords from?"

"Out of a cupboard," said I. "And I saw pistols in it—and jam—and pills. And there was no daylight in the room, but it was all lighted up with candles."

"That's true, Mum," said Mr. Pumblechook, with a grave nod. "That's the state of the case, for that much I've seen myself." And then they both stared at me, and I with an obtrusive show of artlessness on my countenance stared at them, and plaited the right leg of my trowsers with my right hand.

If they had asked me any more questions I should undoubtedly have betrayed myself, for I was even then on the point of mentioning that there was a balloon in the yard, and should have hazarded the statement but for my mind being divided between that phenomenon and a bear in the brewery. They were so much occupied, however, in discussing the marvels I had already presented for their consideration that I escaped. The subject still held them when Joe came in from his work to have a cup of tea, to whom my sister, more for the relief of her own mind than for the gratification of his, related my pretended experiences.

Now, when I saw Joe open his blue eyes and roll them all round the kitchen in helpless astonishment, I was overtaken by penitence; but only as regarded him—not in the least as regarded the other two. Toward Joe, and Joe only, I considered myself a young monster, while they sat debating what results would come to me from Miss Havisham's acquaintance and favor. They had no doubt that Miss Havisham would "do something" for me; their doubts related to the form that something would take. My sister stood out "for property." Mr. Pumblechook was in favor of a handsome premium for binding me apprentice to some genteel trade—say, the corn and seed trade for instance. Joe fell into the deepest disgrace with both, for offering the bright suggestion that I might only be presented with one of the dogs who had fought for the veal-cutlets. "If a fool's head can't express better opinions than that," said my sister, "and you have got any work to do you had better go and do it." So he went.

After Mr. Pumblechook had driven off, and when my sister was washing up, I stole into the forge to Joe, and remained by him until he had done for the night. Then I said, "Before the fire goes quite out, Joe, I should like to tell you something."

"Should you, Pip?" said Joe, drawing his shoeing-stool near the forge. "Then tell us. What is it, Pip?"

"Joe," said I, taking hold of his rolled up shirt-sleeve, and twisting it between my finger and thumb, "you remember all that about Miss Havisham's?"

"Remember?" said Joe. "I believe you! Wonderful!"

"It's a terrible thing, Joe; it ain't true."

"What are you telling of, Pip?" cried Joe, falling back in the greatest amazement. "You don't mean to say it's—"

"Yes I do; it's lies, Joe."

"But not all of it? Why sure you don't mean to say, Pip, that there was no black welwetco—eh?" For I stood shaking my head. "But at least there was dogs, Pip. Come, Pip," said Joe, persuasively, "if there warn't no weal-cutlets, at least there was dogs?"

"No, Joe."

"*A* dog?" said Joe. "A puppy? Come?"

"No, Joe, there was nothing at all of the kind."

As I fixed my eyes hopelessly on Joe, Joe contemplated me in dismay. "Pip, old chap! this won't do, old fellow! I say! where do you expect to go to?"

"It's terrible, Joe; an't it?"

"Terrible?" cried Joe. "Awful! What possessed you?"

"I don't know what possessed me, Joe," I replied, letting his shirt-sleeve go, and sitting down in the ashes at his feet, hanging my head; "but I wish you hadn't taught me to call Knaves at cards Jacks; and I wish my boots weren't so thick nor my hands so coarse."

And then I told Joe that I felt very miserable, and that I hadn't been able to explain myself to Mrs. Joe and Pumblechook, who were so rude to me, and that there had been a beautiful young lady at Miss Havisham's who was dreadfully proud, and that she had said I was common, and that I knew I was common, and that I wished I was not common, and that the lies had come of it somehow, though I didn't know how.

This was a case of metaphysics, at least as difficult for Joe to deal with as for me. But Joe took the case altogether out of the region of metaphysics, and by that means got the better of it.

"There's one thing you may be sure of, Pip," said Joe, after some rumination, "namely, that lies is lies. However they come, they didn't ought to come, and they come from the father of lies, and work round to the same. Don't you tell no more of 'em, Pip. That ain't the way to get out of being common, old chap. And as to being common, I don't make it out at all clear. You are oncommon in some things. You're oncommon small. Likewise you're an oncommon scholar."

"No, I am ignorant and backward, Joe."

"Why, see what a letter you wrote last night. Wrote in print even! I've seen letters—Ah! and from gentlefolks!—that I'll swear weren't wrote in print," said Joe.

"I have learned next to nothing, Joe. You think much of me. It's only that."

"Well, Pip," said Joe, "be it so or be it son't, you must be a common scholar afore you can be an oncommon one, I should hope! The king upon his throne, with his crown upon his ed, can't sit and write his acts of Parliament in print, without having begun, when he were a unpromoted Prince, with the alphabet—Ah!" added Joe, with a shake of the head that was full of meaning, "and begun at A too, and worked his way to Z. And *I* know what that is to do, though I can't say I've done it."

There was some hope in this piece of wisdom, and it rather encouraged me.

"Whether common ones as to callings and earnings," pursued Joe, reflectively, "mightn't be the better of continuing for to keep company with common ones, instead of going out to play with oncommon ones—which reminds me to hope that there were a flag perhaps?"

"No, Joe."

"(I'm sorry there weren't a flag, Pip.) Whether that might be or mightn't be, is a thing as can't be looked into now, without putting your sister on the Rampage; and that's a thing not to be thought of as being done intentional. Lookee here, Pip, at what is said to you by a true friend. Which this to you the true friend say. If you can't get to the oncommon through going straight, you'll never do it through going crooked. So don't tell no more on 'em, Pip, and live well and die happy."

"You are not angry with me, Joe?"

"No, old chap. But bearing in mind that them were which I meantersay of a stunning and thundering sort—alluding to them which bordered on weal-cutlets and dog-fighting—a sincere well-wisher would adwise, Pip, their being dropped into your meditations when you go up stairs to bed. That's all, old chap, and don't never do it no more."

When I got up to my little room and said my prayers, I did not forget Joe's recommendation, and yet my young mind was in that disturbed and unthankful state, that I thought long after I laid me down, how common Estella would consider Joe, a mere blacksmith; how thick his boots, and how coarse his hands. I thought how Joe and my sister were then sitting in the kitchen, and how I'd come up to bed from the kitchen, and how Miss Havisham and Estella never sat in a kitchen, but were far above the level of such common doings. I fell asleep recalling what I "used to do" when I was at Miss Havisham's; as though I had been there weeks or months, instead of hours, and as though it were quite an old subject of remembrance, instead of one that had arisen only that day.

That was a memorable day to me, for it made great changes in me and in my fortunes. But it is the same with any life. Imagine one selected day struck out of it, and think how different its course would have been. Pause you who read this, and think for a moment of the long chain of iron or gold, of thorns or flowers, that would never have bound you, but for the formation of the first link on one memorable day.

CHAPTER X.

THE felicitous idea occurred to me a morning or two later when I woke, that the best step I could take toward making myself uncommon was to get out of Biddy every thing she knew, and to pay the strictest attention to Mr. Wopsle when he read aloud. In pursuance of this luminous conception I mentioned to Biddy when I went to Mr. Wopsle's great-aunt's at night, that I had a particular reason for wishing to get on in life, and that I should feel very much obliged to her if she would impart all her learning to me. Biddy, who was the most obliging of girls, immediately said she would, and indeed began to carry out her promise within five minutes.

The Educational scheme or Course established by Mr. Wopsle's great-aunt may be resolved into the following synopsis. The pupils ate apples and put straw up one another's backs, until Mr. Wopsle's great-aunt collected her energies, and made an indiscriminate totter at them with a birch-rod. After receiving the charge with every mark of derision, the pupils formed in line and buzzingly passed a ragged book from hand to hand. The book had an alphabet in it, some figures and tables, and a little spelling—that is to say, it had once. As soon as this volume began to circulate, Mr. Wopsle's great-aunt fell into a state of coma; arising either from sleep or a paroxysm of rheumatics. The pupils then entered among themselves upon a competitive examination on the subject of Boots, with the view of ascertaining who could tread the hardest upon whose toes. This mental exercise lasted until Biddy made a rush at them and distributed three defaced Bibles, shaped as if they had been unskillfully cut off the chump-end of something, more illegibly printed at the best than any curiosities of literature I have since met with, speckled all over with iron-mould, and having various specimens of the insect world smashed between their leaves. This part of the Course was usually lightened by several single combats between Biddy and refractory students. When the fights were over, Biddy gave out the number of a page, and then we all read aloud what we could—or what we couldn't—in a frightful chorus; Biddy leading with a high shrill monotonous voice, and none of us having the least notion what we were reading about. When this horrible din had lasted a certain time, it mechanically awoke Mr. Wopsle's great-aunt, who staggered at a boy and fortuitously pulled his ears. This was understood to terminate the course for the evening, and we emerged into the air with shrieks of intellectual victory. It is fair to remark that there was no prohibition against any pupil's entertaining himself with a slate or even with the ink (when there was any), but that it was not easy to pursue that branch of study in the winter season, on account of the little general shop in which the classes were holden—and which was also Mr. Wopsle's great-aunt's sitting-room and bedchamber—being but faintly illuminated through the agency of one low-spirited dip-candle and no snuffers.

It appeared to me that it would take time to become uncommon under these circumstances: nevertheless, I resolved to try it, and that very evening Biddy entered on our special agreement, by imparting some information from her little catalogue of Prices, under the head of moist sugar, and lending me, to copy at home, a German text or old English D which she had imitated from the heading of some newspaper, and which I supposed, until she told me what it was, to be a design for a buckle.

Of course there was a public-house in the village, and of course Joe liked sometimes to smoke his pipe there. I had received strict orders from my sister to call for him at the Three Jolly Bargemen, that evening, on my way from school, and bring him home at my peril. To the Three Jolly Bargemen, therefore, I directed my steps.

There was a bar at the Jolly Bargemen, with some alarmingly long chalk scores in it on the wall at the side of the door, which seemed to me to be never paid off. They had been there ever since I could remember, and had grown more than I had. But there was a quantity of chalk about our country, and perhaps the people neglected no opportunity of turning it to account.

It being Saturday night, I found the landlord looking rather grimly at these records; but as my business was with Joe and not with him, I merely wished him good-evening, and passed into the common room at the end of the passage, where there was a bright large kitchen fire, and where Joe was smoking his pipe in company with Mr. Wopsle and a stranger. Joe greeted me as usual with. "Halloa, Pip, old chap!" and the moment he said that, the stranger turned his head and looked at me.

He was a secret-looking man whom I had never seen before. His head was all on one side, and one of his eyes was half shut up, as if he were making aim at something with an invisible gun. He had a pipe in his mouth, and he took it out, and, after slowly blowing all his smoke away and looking hard at me all the time, nodded. So I nodded, and then he nodded again, and made room on the settle beside him that I might sit down there.

But as I was used to sit beside Joe whenever I entered that place of resort, I said "No, thank you, Sir," and fell into the space Joe made for me on the opposite settle. The strange man, after glancing at Joe, and seeing that his attention was otherwise engaged, nodded to me again when I had taken my seat, and then rubbed his leg in a very odd way, as it struck me.

"You was saying," said the strange man, turning to Joe, "that you was a blacksmith."

"Yes, I said it, you know," said Joe.

"What'll you drink, Mr. ——? You didn't mention your name, by-the-by."

Joe mentioned it now, and the strange man called him by it. "What'll you drink, Mr. Gargery? At my expense? To top up with?"

"Well," said Joe, "to tell you the truth, I ain't much in the habit of drinking at any body's expense but my own."

"Habit? No," returned the stranger, "but once and away, and on a Saturday night too. Come! Put a name to it, Mr. Gargery."

"I wouldn't wish to be stiff company," said Joe. "Rum."

"Rum," repeated the stranger. "And will the other gentleman originate a sentiment?"

"Rum," said Mr. Wopsle.

"Three Rums here!" cried the stranger, calling to the landlord. "Glasses round!"

"This other gentleman," observed Joe, by way of introducing Mr. Wopsle, "is a gentleman that you would like to hear give it out. Our clerk at church."

"Aha!" said the stranger, quickly, and cocking his eye at me. "The lonely church, right out on the marshes, with the graves round it!"

"That's it," said Joe.

The stranger, with a comfortable kind of grunt over his pipe, put his legs up on the settle that he had all to himself. He wore a flapping broad-brimmed traveler's hat, and under it a handkerchief tied over his head in the manner of a cap: so that he showed no hair. As he looked at the fire, I thought I saw a cunning expression, followed by a half laugh, come into his face.

"I am not acquainted with this country, gentlemen, but it seems a solitary country toward the river."

"Most marshes is solitary," said Joe.

"No doubt, no doubt. Do you find any gipsies now, or tramps, or vagrants of any sort out on those lowlands?"

"No," said Joe; "none but a runaway convict now and then. And we don't find *them* easy. Eh, Mr. Wopsle?"

Mr. Wopsle, with a majestic remembrance of old discomfiture, assented; but not warmly.

"Seems you have been out after such?" asked the stranger.

"Once," returned Joe. "Not that we wanted to take them, you understand; we went out as lookers-on; me, and Mr. Wopsle, and Pip. Didn't us, Pip?"

"Yes, Joe."

The stranger looked at me again—still cocking his eye, as if he were expressly taking aim at me with his invisible gun—and said, "He's a likely young parcel of bones that. What is it you call him?"

"Pip," said Joe.

"Christened Pip?"

"No, not christened Pip."

"Surname Pip?"

"No," said Joe, "it's a kind of a family name what he gave himself when a infant, and is called by."

"Son of yours?"

"Well," said Joe, meditatively—not, of course, that it could be in anywise necessary to consider about it, but because it was the way at the Jolly Bargemen to seem to consider deeply about every thing that was discussed over pipes; "well—no. No, he ain't."

"Nevvy?" said the strange man.

"Well," said Joe, with the same appearance of profound cogitation, "he is not—no, not to deceive you, he is *not*—my nevvy."

"What the Blue Blazes is he?" asked the stranger. Which appeared to me to be an inquiry of unnecessary strength.

Mr. Wopsle struck in upon that; as one who knew all about relationships, having professional occasion to bear in mind what female relations a man might not marry; and expounded the ties between me and Joe. Having his hand in, Mr. Wopsle introduced a most terrifically snarling passage from Richard the Third, and seemed to think he had done quite enough to account for it when he added "—as the poet says."

And here I may remark that when Mr. Wopsle referred to me, he considered it a necessary part of such reference to rumple my hair and poke it into my eyes. I can not conceive why any body of his standing who visited at our house should always have put me through the same inflammatory process under similar circumstances. Yet I do not call to mind that I was ever in my earlier youth the subject of remark in our social family circle but some large-handed person took these ophthalmic steps to patronize me.

All this while the strange man looked at nobody but me, and looked at me as if he were determined to have a shot at me at last, and bring me down. But he said nothing after offering his Blue Blazes observation until the glasses of rum-and-water were brought; and then he made his shot, and a most extraordinary one it was.

It was not a verbal remark, but a proceeding in dumb-show, and was pointedly addressed to me. He stirred his rum-and-water pointedly at me, and he tasted his rum-and-water pointedly at me. And he stirred it and he tasted it: not with a spoon that was brought to him, but *with a file*.

He did this so that nobody but I saw the file; and when he had done it he wiped the file and put it in a breast-pocket. I knew it to be Joe's file, and I knew that he knew my convict the moment I saw the instrument. I sat gazing at him, spell-bound. But he now reclined on his settle, taking very little notice of me, and talking principally about turnips.

There was a delicious sense of cleaning-up and making a quiet pause before going on in life afresh, in our village on Saturday nights, which stimulated Joe to dare to stay out half an hour longer on Saturdays than at other times. The half-hour and the rum-and-water running out together, Joe got up to go, and took me by the hand.

"Stop half a moment, Mr. Gargery," said the strange man. "I think I've got a bright new shilling somewhere in my pocket, and if I have the boy shall have it."

He looked it out from a handful of small change, folded it in some crumpled paper, and gave it to me. "Yours!" said he. "Mind! your own."

I thanked him, staring at him far beyond the bounds of good manners, and holding tight to Joe. He gave Joe good-night, and he gave Mr. Wopsle good-night (who went out with us), and he gave me only a look with his aiming eye—no, not a look, for he shut it up, but wonders may be done with an eye by hiding it.

On the way home, if I had been in a humor for talking, the talk must have been all on my side, for Mr. Wopsle parted from us at the door of the Jolly Bargemen, and Joe went all the way home with his mouth wide open, to rinse the rum out with as much air as possible. But I was in a manner stupefied by this turning up of my old misdeed and old acquaintance, and could think of nothing else.

My sister was not in a very bad temper when we presented ourselves in the kitchen, and Joe was encouraged by that unusual circumstance to tell her about the bright shilling. "A bad 'un, I'll be bound," said Mrs. Joe, triumphantly, "or he wouldn't have given it to the boy! Let's look at it."

I took it out of the paper, and it proved to be a good one. "But what's this?" said Mrs. Joe, throwing down the shilling and catching up the paper. "Two One-Pound notes?"

Nothing less than two fat sweltering one-pound notes, that seemed to have been on terms of the warmest intimacy with all the cattle-markets in the county. Joe caught up his hat again, and ran with them to the Jolly Bargemen, to restore them to their owner. While he was gone, I sat down on my usual stool and looked vacantly at my sister, feeling pretty sure that the man would not be there.

Presently Joe came back, saying that the man was gone, but that he, Joe, had left word at the Three Jolly Bargemen concerning the notes. Then my sister sealed them up in a piece of paper, and put them under some dried rose-leaves in an ornamental tea-pot on the top of a press in the state parlor. There they remained, a nightmare to me, many and many a night and day.

I had sadly broken sleep when I got to bed, through thinking of the strong man taking aim at me with his invisible gun, and of the guiltily-coarse and common thing it was to be on secret terms of conspiracy with convicts—a feature in my low career that I had previously forgotten. I was haunted by the file too. A dread possessed me that, when I least expected it, the file would reappear. I coaxed myself to sleep by thinking of Miss Havisham's, next Wednesday; and in my sleep I saw the file coming at me out of a door, without seeing who held it, and I screamed myself awake.

A DAY'S RIDE:

A LIFE'S ROMANCE.

By CHARLES LEVER.

AUTHOR OF "CHARLES O'MALLEY," "HARRY LORREQUER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXX.

I give the old man's story, as nearly as I can, the way he told it.

"There is a little village on the Lago di Guarda called Caprini. My family had lived there for some generations. We had a little wine-shop, and though not a very pretentious one, it was the best in the place, and much frequented by the inhabitants. My father was in considerable repute while he lived; he was twice named Syndic of Caprini, and I myself once held that dignity. You may not know, perhaps, that the office is one filled at the choice of the townsfolk, and not nominated by the government. Still the crown has its influence in the selection, and likes well to see one of its own partisans in power, and, when a popular candidate does succeed against their will, the government officials take good care to make his berth as uncomfortable as they can. These are small questions of politics to ask you to follow, but they were our great ones; and we were as ardent and excited and eager about the choice of our little local governor as though he wielded real power in a great state.

"When I obtained the syndicate, my great ambition was to tread in the footsteps of my father, old Gustave Gamerra, who had left behind him a great name as the assertor of popular rights, and who had never bated the very least privilege that pertained to his native village. I did my best—not very discreetly, perhaps—for my own sake, but I held my head high against all imperial and royal officials, and I taught them to feel that there was at least one popular institution in the land that no exercise of tyranny could assail. I was overzealous about all our rights. I raked up out of old archives traces of privileges that we once possessed and had never formally surrendered; I discovered concessions that had been made to us of which we had never reaped the profit; and I was, so to say, ever at war with the authorities, who were frank enough to say, that when my two years of office expired, they meant to give me some wholesome lessons about obedience.

"They were as good as their word. I had no sooner descended to a private station than I was made to feel all the severities of their displeasure. They took away my license to sell salt and tobacco, and thereby fully one half of my little income; they tried to withdraw my privilege to sell wine, but this came from the municipality, and they could not touch it. Upon information that they had suborned they twice visited my house to search for seditious papers, and, finally, they made me such a mark of their enmity that the timid of my townsfolk were afraid to be seen with me, and gradually dropped my acquaintance. This preyed upon me most of all. I was all my life of a social habit; I delighted to gather my friends around me, or to go and visit them, and to find myself, as I was growing old, growing friendless too, was a great blow.

"I was a widower, and had none but an only daughter."

When he had reached thus far his voice failed him, and, after an effort or two, he could not continue, and turned away his head and buried it in his hands. Full ten minutes elapsed before he resumed, which he did with a hard, firm tone, as though resolved not to be conquered by his emotion.

"The cholera was dreadfully severe all through the Italian Tyrol; it swept from Venice to Milan, and never missed even the mountain villages, far away up the Alps. In our little hamlet we lost one hundred and eighteen souls, and my Gretchen was one of them.

"We had all grown to be very hard-hearted to each other; misfortune was at each man's door, and he had no heart to spare for a neighbor's grief; and yet such was the sorrow for her that they came, in all this suffering and desolation, to try and comfort and keep me up, and though it was a time when all such cares were forgotten, the young people went and laid fresh flowers over her grave every morning. Well, that was very kind of them, and made me weep heartily, and, in weeping, my heart softened, and I got to feel that God knew what was best for all of us, and that mayhap he had taken her away to spare her greater sorrow hereafter, and left me to learn that I should pray to go to her. She had only been in the earth eight days, and I was sitting alone in my solitary house, for I could not bear to open the shop, and began to think that I'd never have the courage to do so again, but would go away and try some other place and some other means of livelihood. It was while thinking thus a sharp, loud knock came to the door, and I arose, rather angrily, to answer it.

"It was a sergeant of an infantry regiment, whose detachment was on march for Peschiera: there were troubles down there, and the government had to send off three regiments in all haste from Vienna to suppress them. The sergeant was a Bohemian, and his regiment the Kinsky. He was a rough, coarse fellow, very full of his authority, despising all villagers, and holding Italians in especial contempt. He came to order me to prepare rations and room for six soldiers, who were to arrive that evening. I answered, boldly, that I would not. I had served the office of syndic in the town, and was thus forever exempt from the 'billet,' and I led him into my little sitting-room and showed him my 'brevet,' framed and glazed, over the chimney. He laughed heartily at my remonstrance, coolly turned the brevet with its face to the wall, and said,

"'If you don't want twelve of us instead of six you'll keep your tongue quiet, and give us a stoop of your best wine.'

"I did not wait to answer him, but seized my hat and hurried away to the Platz Commandant. He was an old enemy of mine, but I could not help it; his was the only authority I could appeal to, and he was bound to do me justice. When I reached the bureau it was so crowded with soldiers and townsfolk, some seeking for billets, some insisting in their claim to be free, that I could not get past the door, and, after an hour's waiting, I was fain to give up the attempt, and turned back home again, determined to make my statement in writing, which, after all, might have been the most fitting.

"I found my doors wide open when I got there, and my shop crowded with soldiers, who, either seated on the counter or squatting on their knapsacks, had helped themselves freely to my wine, even to raising the top of an old cask, and drinking it in large cups from the barrel, which they handed liberally to their comrades as they passed.

"My heart was too full to care much for the loss, though the insult pressed me sorely, and, pushing my way through, I gained the inner room to find it crowded like the shop. All was in disorder and confusion. The old musket my father had carried for many a year, and which had hung over the chimney as an heir-loom, lay smashed in fragments on the floor; some wanton fellow had run his bayonet through my breast as syndic, and hung it up in derision as a banner; and one, he was a corporal, had taken down the whole wreath of roses that lay on Gretchen's coffin till it was laid in the earth, and placed it on his head. When I saw this my senses left me; I gave a wild shriek, and dashed both my hands in his face. I tried to strangle him; I would have torn him with my teeth had they not dragged me off and dashed me on the ground, where they trampled on me and beat me, and then carried me away to prison.

"I was four days in prison before I was brought up to be examined. I did not know whether it had been four or forty, for my senses had left me and I was mad; perhaps it was the cold dark cell and the silence restored me, but I came out calm and collected. I remembered every thing to the smallest incident.

"The soldiers were heard first; they agreed in every thing, and their story had all the air of truth about it. They owned they had taken my wine, but said that the regiment was ready and willing to pay for it so soon as I came back, and that all the rest they had done were only the usual follies of troops on a march. I began to claiming my exemption as a syndic, but was stopped at once by being told that my claim had never been submitted to the authorities, and that in my outrage on the imperial force I had forfeited all consideration on that score. My offense was easily proven. I did not deny it, and I was lectured for nigh an hour on the enormity of my crime, and then sentenced to pay a fine of a thousand zwanzigers to the emperor, and to receive four-and-twenty blows with the stick. 'It should have been eight-and-forty but for my age,' he said.

"On the same stool where I sat to hear my sentence was a circus man, waiting the Platz Commandant's leave to give some representations in the village. I knew him from his dress, but had never spoken to him nor he to me; just, however, as the commandant had delivered the words of my condemnation he turned to look at me; mayhap to see how I bore up under my misfortune. I saw his glance, and I did my best to sustain it. I wanted to bear myself manfully throughout, and not to let any one know that my heart was broken, which I felt it was. The struggle was, perhaps, more than I was able for, and, while the tears gushed out and ran down my cheeks, I burst out laughing, and laughed away fit after fit, making the most terrible faces all the while; so outrageously droll were my convulsions that every one around laughed too, and there was the whole court screaming madly with the same impulse, and unable to control it.

"'Take the fool away!' cried the commandant at last, 'and bring him to reason with a hazel rod.' And they carried me off, and I was flogged.

"It was about a week after I was down near Connachio. I don't know how I got there, but I was in rags and had no money, and the circus people came past and saw me. 'There's the old fellow that nearly killed us with his droll face,' said the chief. 'I'll give you two zwanzigers a day, my man, if you'll only give us a few grins like that every evening. Is it a bargain?'

"I laughed. I could not keep now from laughing at every thing, and the bargain was made, and I was a clown from that hour. They taught me a few easy tricks to help me in my trade, but it is my face that they care for—none can see it unmoved."

He turned on me as he spoke with a fearful contortion of countenance, but, moved by his story, and full only of what I had been listening to, I turned away and shed tears.

"Yes," said he, meditatively, "many a happy heart is kindled at the fire that is consuming another. As for myself, both joy and sorrow are dead within me. I am without hope, and, stranger still, without fear."

"But you are not without benevolence," said I, as I looked toward the sleeping girl.

"She was so like Gretchen," said he; and he bent down his head and sobbed bitterly.

I would have asked him some questions about her if I dared; but I felt so rebuked by the sorrow of the old man that my curiosity seemed almost unfeeling.

"She came among us a mere child," said he, "and speedily attached herself to me. I contrived to learn enough of her dialect to understand and talk to her, and at last she began to regard me as a father, and even called me such. It was a long, long time before I could bear this. Every time I heard the word my grief would burst out afresh; but what won't time do? I have come to like it now."

"And is she good, and gentle, and affectionate?" asked I.

"She is far too good and true-hearted to be in such company as ours. Would that some rich person—it should be a lady—kind, and gentle, and compassionate, could see her and take her away from such associates, and this life of shame, ere it be too late! If I have a sorrow left me now, it is for her."

I was silent; for though the wish only seemed fair and natural enough on his part, I could not help thinking how improbable such an incident would prove.

"She would well repay it all," said he. "If ever there was a nature rich in great gifts, it is hers. She can learn whatever she will, and for a word of kindness she would hold her hand in the fire for you. Hush!" whispered he, "she is stirring. What is it, darling?" said he, creeping close to her, as she lay throwing her arms wildly open, but not removing the handkerchief from her face.

She muttered something hurriedly, and then burst into a laugh so joyous and so catching, it was impossible to refrain from joining in it.

She threw back the kerchief at once and started to her knees, gazing steadfastly, almost sternly, at me. I saw that the old man comprehended the inquiry of her glance, and as quickly whispered a few words in her ear. She listened till he had done, and then springing toward me, she caught my hand and kissed it.

I suspect he must have rebuked the ardor of her movement, for she hung her head despondingly, and turned away from us both.

"Now for the road once more," said Väterchen, "for if we stay much longer here we shall have the forest flies, which are always worse toward evening."

It was not without great difficulty I could prevent his carrying my knapsack for me, and even the girl herself would gladly have borne some of my load. At last, however, we set forth, Tintenfleck lightening the way with a merry canzonette, that had the time of a quick step.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

On Monday, December 17, in the Senate, the resolution introduced by Senator Clarke, asking the President for information relative to the condition of the fortifications in Charleston harbor, and copies of all correspondence upon the subject, was taken up, and objected to by Senator Brown, and laid over. The bill to carry out the existing treaties between the United States and Mexico was then debated until one o'clock, when the resolution of Senator Powell on the condition of the Union was taken up, and Senator Wade, of Ohio, discussed quite fully the questions at issue between the North and the South, and came to the conclusion that the Republicans, as they have not committed any aggressions, and do not propose to commit any, have therefore no compromises to make. With regard to the question of secession, he denied the constitutional right of any State to leave the Union. There could be revolution, but no secession; and revolution, if it were unsuccessful, would become rebellion.——In the House, a bill was introduced by Mr. Stevens, of Washington Territory, providing for the defense of Puget's Sound and the entrance of Columbia River. Mr. John Cochrane offered a proposition to settle the difficulties between the North and the South, embodying an amendment of the Constitution, which was referred to the Select Committee. Mr. Florence, of Pennsylvania, also submitted a proposition, which was similarly referred, as did also Mr. Adams, of Kentucky. Mr. Adrain, of New Jersey, offered a preamble and resolution declaring the Constitution the supreme law of the land, and recommending, in effect, the repeal of all Personal Liberty laws. After various attempts at amendment, among which was one by Mr. Sherman, of Ohio, who wished to include all laws of a nullifying nature, it was passed, 151 to 14—the Mississippi members declining to vote, on the ground that the Legislature of that State had taken the matter out of their hands. Mr. Lovejoy, of Illinois, then offered a similar resolution, which recommended the repeal of all nullification laws, which was adopted under a suspension of the rules, after objections from the Democratic side, by yeas, 124; nays not counted. Mr. Morris, of Illinois, succeeded in introducing his resolution pledging the members to support the Union, and it was passed, 115 against 44. Mr. Crawford, of Georgia, offered a resolution declaring, among other things, that the Constitution recognizes property in slaves; and pending its consideration the House adjourned, after excusing Reuben Davis, of Mississippi, from further service on the Committee of Thirty-three.

On Tuesday, 18th, in the Senate, the resolution of Senator Powell, of Kentucky, providing for the appointment of a Select Committee of Thirteen on the State of the Union was passed, and the presiding officer was authorized to select its members. Senator Lane, of Oregon, introduced a proposition for the settlement of the pending difficulties, looking to a Convention of the Southern States to determine what shall be asked of the North, to be followed by a General Convention of all the States for consultation and definite action; referred to the Select Committee. Senator Crittenden, of Kentucky, then submitted a proposition, which is intended practically to re-establish the Missouri Compromise line, declaring that Congress shall not interfere with slavery where it already exists, providing for the faithful execution of the Fugitive Slave Law, etc. He preceded its introduction with a speech full of conciliation and love for the Union. Senator Hale drew a parallel between the remarks of Senator Crittenden and those of Senator Wigfall, of Texas, and wished to know which gentleman represented the sentiment of the South. Senator Saulsbury, of Delaware, responded that, so far as his State was concerned, she was for the Union under all circumstances. Mr. Johnson, of Tennessee, also made a speech, referring to resolutions introduced by him last week.——In the House, a letter was read from Mr. Washburn, of Maine, announcing his resignation as representative from that State, of which he has been chosen Governor. Mr. Stevens, of Washington, and Mr. Otero, of New Mexico, introduced resolutions relating to affairs in those Territories, which were appropriately referred. Mr. Crawford, of Georgia, called up the resolution introduced by him on Monday, declaring, among other things, that the Constitution recognizes property in slaves. Mr. Sherman moved to lay it on the table, for the transaction of other business, with the understanding that a direct vote should be taken on it on Monday next. The House refused at first to table it, but finally did so by a vote of 88 against 81. The Pacific Railroad Bill was then taken up, but it being decided that it must go to the Committee of the Whole, no progress was made on it. Very little other business was done. A letter from Mr. Ford was laid before the House, proposing to surrender his contract the moment Congress should put the Government Printing-office into operation, as the reduced prices were not remunerative.

On Wednesday, 19th, in the Senate, Senator Johnson, of Tennessee, made a strong appeal for the Union, and declared that Tennessee would stand by it to the last. Alluding to the expressed intention of South Carolina to compel the other Southern States to follow her in her scheme of secession, he said that Tennessee would not be dragged into a Southern or any other Confederacy until she had time to consider about it. He was followed by Senator Lane, of Oregon. Senator Toombs, of Georgia, made his appearance in the Senate for the first time during the present session. The Pension and the Military Academy bills were passed.——In the House, the day was principally occupied in the consideration of the Deficiency Appropriation Bill, the item under discussion being an appropriation of $900,000 for the return and maintenance of the recaptured Africans. The bill finally passed as reported from the Committee of Ways and Means. An effort was made to adjourn over until the 7th of January, but it failed—94 to 82.

THE SECESSION CONVENTION IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

The Secession Convention of South Carolina assembled on 17th at Columbia. Beyond completing the organization of the body, nothing was done in regard to the subject which called them together. Owing to the prevalence of small-pox at Columbia the Convention adjourned to Charleston.

The delegates arrived at Charleston on 18th, and were received with military honors. The Convention met at four o'clock, and proceeded to business. Nothing, however, of importance transpired beyond the appointment of committees, and the offering of a resolution to ascertain what property the United States claims the ownership of in South Carolina, how it was acquired, and whether the claim can be enforced after South Carolina shall have seceded. The resolution also calls for information as to the value of such other property as the United States may possess, and the value of the share to which South Carolina would be entitled on an equitable division. A document purporting to be an address from a portion of the Georgia Legislature was laid on the table.

ELECTION OF A GOVERNOR OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

The Legislature of South Carolina has succeeded, after seven ballots, in electing a Governor, Colonel Pickens being the successful candidate. This election may be regarded as somewhat significant, inasmuch as Colonel Pickens is looked upon by the extremists in the State as much too moderate in his principles.

GEORGIA FOR CO-OPERATION.

Late reports from Georgia, received in Washington, indicate that, after all, South Carolina is likely to be disappointed in her expectation that the Empire State of the South will afford her aid and countenance, to the extent of following immediately in her footsteps, should she see fit to declare her connection with the Union dissevered. There is asserted to be a large party of Unionists in Georgia, who will co-operate with those opposed to separate State action to defeat the extremists, and thus afford delay until better counsels can prevail. These reports created a better feeling in Washington, and a strong hope that, through the medium of the Consulting Committee, something might yet be done to stay the tide of disunion.

THE LEGISLATURE OF MISSISSIPPI.

The following embraces the action of the Mississippi Legislature, in called session to consider the measures for public safety.

The bill for a State Convention, as we have before stated, passed both Houses unanimously, and is now a law. The election of delegates is to take place the 20th of December, and the Convention on the 7th January.

The following resolutions have become laws:

"*Resolved*, That the Governor be requested to appoint as many commissioners as in his judgment may be necessary to visit each of the Slaveholding States, and designate the State or States to which each commissioner shall be commissioned, whose duty it shall be to inform them that this Legislature has passed an act calling a convention of the people of this State to consider the present threatening relations of the Northern and Southern sections of the confederacy, aggravated by the recent election of a President upon principles of hostility to the States of the South, and to express the earnest hope of Mississippi that those States will co-operate with her in the adoption of efficient measures for their common defense and safety.

"*Resolved*, That should any Southern State not have convened its Legislature, the commissioner to such State shall appeal to the Governor thereof to call the Legislature together, in order that its co-operation be immediately secured."

MANIFESTO FROM TOOMBS.

An important manifesto has just been issued by Senator Toombs, in the shape of a letter in reference to the fifth article of the Constitution. He says that if the Constitution should be amended so that its provisions could not be evaded or resisted by Abolition States, and if the Republicans, or a majority of them, in Congress, will vote for such amendment, he thinks it would be only reasonable and fair to postpone final action in the Southern States until the Legislatures of Northern States could be called together for action upon the Personal Liberty bills. Should this action be adverse to the South, then he would think it proper for Georgia to secede, at the latest by the 4th of March.

THE NEW YORK DELEGATION FOR THE UNION.

The New York delegation held an adjourned caucus on 19th on the state of the Union. Nearly all were present—Briggs, Beale, John Cochrane, and Irvine being absent. After considerable discussion, which lasted from 8 to 10 o'clock, it was almost unanimously agreed to that the Union, the Constitution, and the laws must be maintained in all their force, with only a few dissenting voices.

THE COMMITTEE OF THIRTY-THREE.

The following resolution of Winter Davis has passed unanimously in the Committee of Thirty-Three:

"*Resolved, by the Senate and House of Representatives*, That the several States be respectfully requested to cause their statutes to be revised, with a view to ascertain if any of them are in conflict with, or tend to embarrass or hinder the execution of the laws of the United States, made in pursuance of the 2d section of the IVth article of the Constitution of the United States for the delivery up of persons held to labor by the laws of any State and escaping therefrom; and the Senate and House of Representatives earnestly request that all enactments having such tendency be forthwith repealed, as required by a just sense of constitutional obligations, and by a due regard for the peace of the Republic. And the President of the United States is requested to communicate these resolutions to the Governors of the several States, with a request that they will lay the same before the Legislatures thereof respectively."

NEGRO INSURRECTIONS IN ALABAMA.

We read in the Montgomery (Alabama) *Advertiser* of December 13:

We heard from a reliable source at a late hour yesterday evening, that an insurrectionary plot had been discovered among the negroes somewhere between Dublin and Pine Level, in this county, and the evidence against the two white scoundrels who incited them to it is so overwhelming that the citizens of that vicinity have determined to hang them to-day, together with several negroes belonging to Mr. Allen and Mr. Frazer. The greatest excitement prevails. We are not in possession of any further particulars. We received this morning, says the *Mail*, the following letter from Ramer Post-Office, in this county. It will serve to put the people every where on guard, without a word of comment from us. The necessary precautions should every where be taken at once, quietly, and this fiendish plot will be nipped in the bud, as it has no doubt been headed off in this county:

December 11, 1860.

We have found out a deep-laid plan among the negroes of our neighborhood, and from what we can find out from our negroes, it is general all over the country. The plot is this, they are to make a general rise during the Christmas holidays. We are now whipping the negroes—taking them as they come. We hear some startling facts. They have gone far enough in the plot to divide out our estates, mules, lands, and household furniture. Their plan is this: They are to kill the families on a certain night (that they live with), and then get together and take the country. They look for aid from Lincoln and the Northern people. We can not find out the exact time, but they generally have pitched on Wednesday night, the 26th of December. No humbug in this. You may publish this, or as much of it as you see cause, and request the other papers to do the same.

Jesse G. Jones, T. J. Orme,
John Orme, William Allen, Sen.,
J. D. Garrod, M.D., Hiram Thweatte,
J. M. Urquahart, Charles Walker,
P. G. Fannin, Henderson Norman,
W. B. Myrick.

VIOLENCE IN MISSISSIPPI.

We read in the Memphis (Tenn.) *Argus:*

"FRIAR'S POINT, MISS., *Dec.* 11, 1860.

"EDITOR ARGUS,—There is great excitement in this community. The people are in arms against the Northern men who have been in this country but a few months. On yesterday evening two gins and a negro quarter were fired simultaneously, doubtless by the procurement of these wretches. The night was lit up for miles around. The Vigilance Committee were soon under arms, and proceeded to the room of three carpenters, one by the name of Hamlin, the others unknown, and took them and hung them to the first tree, and afterward cut them down and buried them. The town is now under arms, the military are parading the streets, and all is excitement and alarm. This morning the remainder of the Northern men were sent up the river on the steamboat *Peytona;* some of them were branded with the letters G. B. (gin-burners) before shipped. Fourteen gins have been burned in this county during the last six weeks, and the people have determined to stop it.

"An Abolitionist was hanged, barreled up, and rolled into the river at this point last week, and it was probably to avenge his death that the last gins were fired. A negro implicated the men who were hung. He said that they had told them all the negroes were to be free next March, when Lincoln becomes President, and that there will be a general rising of the negroes then.

"The Vigilance Committee have sworn to hang every Northern man who comes here until the 4th of March, and all such had better be in —— than Friar's Point.

"SAMUEL J. HALLE."

WENDELL PHILLIPS IN BOSTON.

On Sunday last Wendell Phillips delivered his lecture on "Mobs and Education" in Music Hall, Boston. The hall was packed by an anxious and excited audience. The Chief of Police, with a large detachment of his force, was present; but beyond applause and hisses, no manifestations were made by the auditors, during the delivery of the lecture. When Mr. Phillips left the hall he was followed through the streets by a great throng of people, who hooted, yelled, and groaned after him. The police and the friends of Mr. Phillips, however, succeeded in protecting him from the crowd and getting him safely to his house.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S LETTER OF THANKS TO THE PRESIDENT.

Lord Lyons has communicated to the Department of State the expression of the feelings of her Majesty Queen Victoria relative to the treatment experienced by the Prince of Wales in his recent tour through the United States. The Queen highly appreciates the kindness and courtesy shown him by our citizens, and expresses the most profound sense of obligation.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

BRITISH OPINION ON OUR DISUNION QUARREL.

The London *Times*, in the course of an article on the disunion question, says: "Unfortunately, it is no answer to a question to say that it is only one of feeling, and will fall to the ground when angry passions have subsided. The feelings which now divide the United States into antagonists far more bitter than those of diverse languages and races are themselves facts which can not be reasoned away, and they have an irresistible bearing on the practice of slavery; they must tend to tighten the grasp of the slave-owner, on the one hand, and, on the other, to provoke the fanaticism and the ingenuity of the Abolitionist. The Southern States see in this election a pledge of further and still more unscrupulous efforts for the rescue and emancipation of the negro. The very language of the Southern States breathes personal apprehension and defiance. It is vain to dispute the danger, but at least it may be met with reason. As the Southern States certainly would not mend matters by a separation, and as the Northern States can do nothing, and have done nothing, to mitigate the evils for which they profess so much abhorrence, all that can be done is to take a moderate and rational view of the subject.

* * * * * * *

"Can not all the partners in this business put their heads together, shake hands over the quarrel, and think what can be done to mitigate what it is so difficult to abolish? Perhaps we speak to the deaf; but any thing is better than dividing State against State, house against house, and servant against master, in the most rising nation in the world."

THE EMPRESS EUGENIE AT WINDSOR CASTLE.

The Empress Eugénie visited her Majesty on the 4th inst. at Windsor Castle. The Prince Consort received the Empress at the Windsor station. The Empress as she left the station, and along the whole line of route, was loudly cheered. On coming to the Castle, the Queen, with the Princess Alice and Prince Alfred, attended by the ladies and gentleman in waiting, received the Empress at the entrance, and conducted her Imperial Majesty to the corridor. The Duke of Cambridge, Prince Louis of Hesse, Earl Granville, the Duke of Newcastle, and Viscount Palmerston were present. The Empress remained to partake of luncheon with her Majesty. The Duchess of Kent and the Prince and Princess of Leiningen arrived from Frogmore at about half past two o'clock. Shortly after the Empress took leave of the Queen, and returned to London. The Prince Consort accompanied the Empress to Windsor station. On her return the Empress appeared to be in good health, but not in good spirits.

THE NEW TRANSATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

The reports of the North Atlantic Telegraph expedition sent out last summer by the British government, and promoters of the project for carrying a line of telegraph from Europe to America, *via* Faroe, Iceland, and Greenland, are proving favorable. The ocean line selected was ascertained to be in every respect calculated for the reception of a telegraph cable, and it was found that the coast of Greenland offered situations which precluded the remotest possibility of a cable being interfered with by ice or icebergs, which has hitherto been considered the only obstacle of the Greenland route.

FRANCE.

REFORMS IN FRANCE.

The *Times* correspondent writes: "The 2d December, the day that fixed Louis Napoleon's destiny for good or evil, passed this year without a single event to mark its passage. People confidently looked at the *Moniteur*, yesterday morning, for a decree or decrees of some kind; some anticipating a decree liberating the Press, others an amnesty for the Press annulling the outstanding condemnations, others anticipated the abolition of the passport system, and still others a dissolution of the Legislative Corps and the order for a new election. But none of these measures were decreed, and all hopes are postponed till the 1st of January. Even then there is no assurance that we shall have either of the measures mentioned above. We hear from the Ministry of the Interior that the question of the abolition of the passport system is undergoing examination; but we know that the Prefects of Police oppose the measure, and we have difficulty in believing that the administrators of justice of every class can be brought into so sudden and radical a change in their whole system. With the routine and the complicated organization of the police system, such a change will throw them off the track for years, and each Prefect will prefer that a successor be charged with the burden."

AN AMERICAN CORPS TO VISIT PARIS.

The Paris *Constitutionnel* of the 4th inst. states that a military corps of the United States intend to visit Paris in the spring. The Commandant of the Baltimore City Guard battalion having communicated to the American Minister at Paris the wish of his regiment to visit the capital of the French Empire, a correspondence has taken place on the subject between Mr. Faulkner and M. Thouvenel, the result of which is that the Emperor has granted to the American corps the privilege of visiting Paris as a body, and in military uniform.

THE ENTENTE CORDIALE WITH ENGLAND.

The *Moniteur* of the 3d inst. thus speaks of her Majesty's journey: "We are informed from England that the journey of the Empress, undertaken with the sole view of improving her health, becomes, despite all the precautions of her Majesty to preserve her incognita, a real ovation. These sympathetic manifestations of the English nation can only tend to strengthen the bonds between the two nations. They show in a striking manner how the common sense of the masses discards the violent and thoughtless attacks of which a portion of the press does not fear to make itself the organ."

ITALY.

PROGRESS OF THE WAR.

At latest dates the siege of Gaeta continued; but it was reported that the fire of the besiegers had slackened. Provisions were getting scarce in the fortress. The garrison replied to the fire from the batteries of Cialdini. Four batteries had commenced operations on the place. Victor Emanuel continued at Palermo. The Count of Syracuse died suddenly at Siza on the 4th, of apoplexy.

The Consulta Generale had opened at Naples. The Government explanations to the Consulta produced a good impression. Poerio was elected Vice-President of the Consulta, after having refused the post of Minister without a port-folio.

General Benedek had inspected the Austrian fortresses of the Venetian Quadrilateral. He had also assembled the officers at Venice, and told them to prepare for the eventualities of an energetic defense. There were rumors of increasing insurrectionary movements in Abruzzi. Unimportant demonstrations in Naples and elsewhere were put down. It was reported that Napoleon had intimated to Francis I. the inutility of further resistance. There were vague rumors that Cardinal Antonelli had resigned. The official Austrian journal contradicts the rumors of negotiations for the cession of Venetia.

Acquapendente, Bagnarea, and some other towns in the province of Viterbo, have been reoccupied by the French.

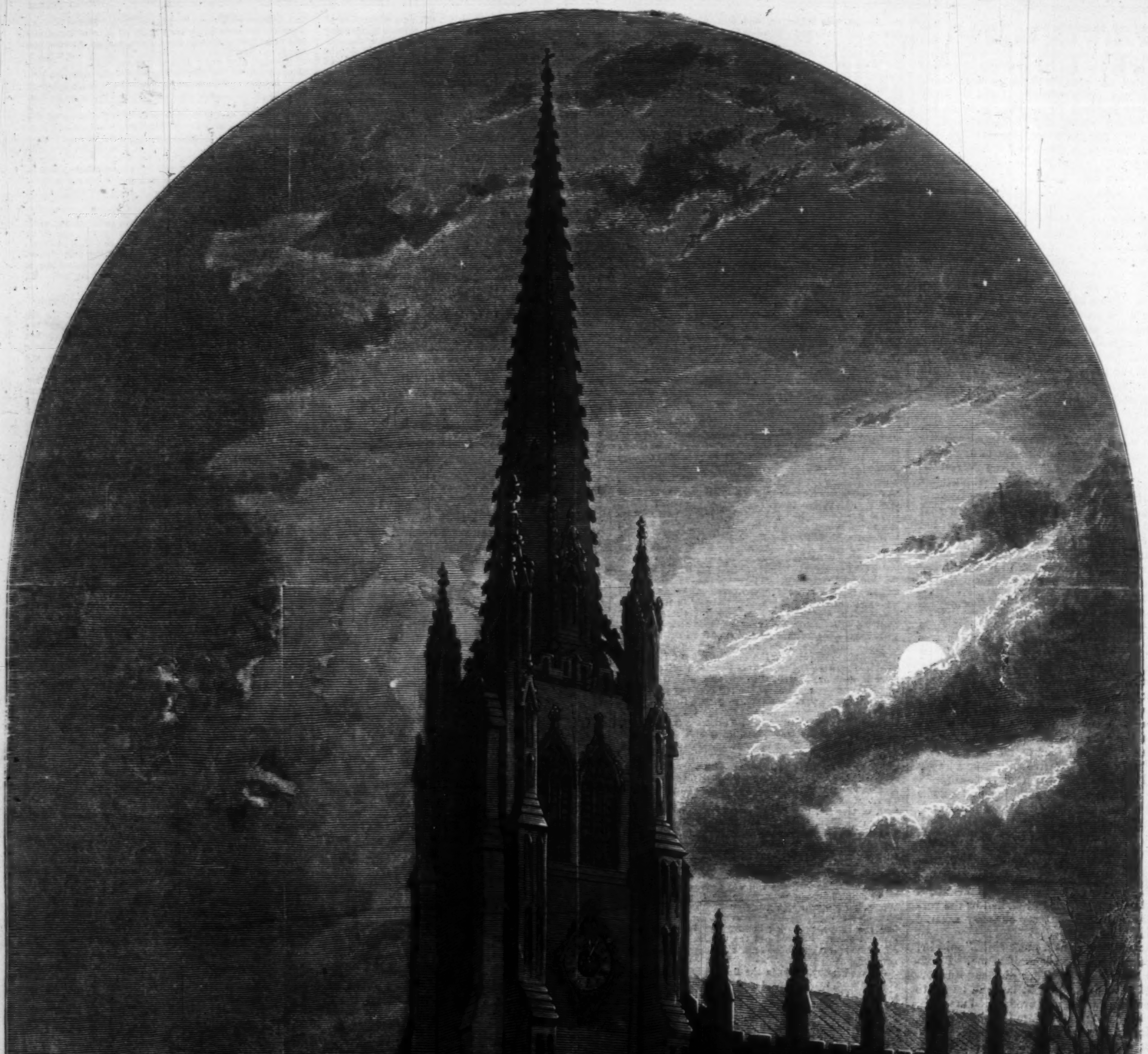
The Archbishop of Naples has left Rome, having been invited to return to Naples.

SPAIN.

RELIGIOUS INTOLERANCE.

On December 6 a deputation respecting the persecution of Protestants in Spain waited upon Lord John Russell at the Foreign Office. Five religious societies were represented, including the Scottish Reformation Society. Lord Stratford De Redcliffe introduced the deputation. A memorandum was read showing the persecution to which persons in Spain who have renounced Romanism and embraced the Protestant faith are at present exposed. The law of Spain was this, that the punishment for apostasy, or worshiping contrary to the principles of the Church of Rome, should be eight years' imprisonment, with hard labor.

It was stated that many of the prisoners had been liberated, but attention was drawn to the case of two who were suffering imprisonment for the crime of being Protestants. Lord John Russell, while professing his ardent attachment to religious liberty, said he must reserve to himself to act in the way that seemed most discreet. The feeling which had been excited in England might, perhaps, have more weight than any direct action between the Government of England and the Government of Spain, and religious societies were laboring successfully in promoting more enlightened and tolerant views.



CHRISTMAS CHIMES AT TRINITY CHURCH, NEW YORK.

A MESSAGE FROM THE SEA.

Dickens's Christmas Story.

☞ Published from advance Proof-sheets purchased from the Author for "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER I.—THE VILLAGE.

"And a mighty sing'lar and pretty place it is, as ever I saw in all the days of my life!" said Captain Jorgan, looking up at it.

Captain Jorgan had to look high to look at it, for the village was built sheer up the face of a steep and lofty cliff. There was no road in it, there was no wheeled vehicle in it, there was not a level yard in it. From the sea-beach to the cliff-top two irregular rows of white houses, placed opposite to one another, and twisting here and there, and there and here, rose, like the sides of a long succession of stages of crooked ladders, and you climbed up the village or climbed down the village by the staves between: some six feet wide or so, and made of sharp, irregular stones. The old pack-saddle, long laid aside in most parts of England as one of the appendages of its infancy, flourished here intact. Strings of pack-horses and pack-donkeys toiled slowly up the staves of the ladders, bearing fish, and coal, and such other cargo as was unshipping at the pier from the dancing fleet of village boats, and from two or three little coasting traders. As the beasts of burden ascended laden, or descended light, they got so lost at intervals in the floating clouds of village smoke, that they seemed to dive down some of the village chimneys and come to the surface again far off, high above others. No two houses in the village were alike, in chimney, size, shape, door, window, gable, roof-tree, any thing. The sides of the ladders were musical with water, running clear and bright. The staves were musical with the clattering feet of the pack-horses and pack-donkeys, and the voices of the fishermen urging them up, mingled with the voices of the fishermen's wives and their many children. The pier was musical with the wash of the sea, the creaking of capstans and windlasses, and the airy fluttering of little vanes and sails. The rough, sea-bleached boulders of which the pier was made, and the whiter boulders of the shore, were brown with drying nets. The red-brown cliffs, richly wooded to their extremest verge, had their softened and beautiful forms reflected in the bluest water, under the clear North Devonshire sky of a November day without a cloud. The village itself was so steeped in autumnal foliage, from the houses giving on the pier to the topmost round of the topmost ladder, that one might have fancied it was out a birds'-nesting, and was (as indeed it was) a wonderful climber. And mentioning birds, the place was not without some music from them too; for the rook was very busy on the higher levels, and the gull with his flapping wings was fishing in the bay, and the lusty little robin was hopping among the great stone blocks and iron rings of the breakwater, fearless in the faith of his ancestors and the Children in the Wood.

Thus it came to pass that Captain Jorgan, sitting balancing himself on the pier-wall, struck his leg with his open hand, as some men do when they are pleased—and as he always did when he was pleased—and said,

"A mighty sing'lar and pretty place it is, as ever I saw in all the days of my life!"

Captain Jorgan had not been through the village, but had come down to the pier by a winding side-road, to have a preliminary look at it from the level of his own natural element. He had seen many things and places, and had stowed them all away in a shrewd intellect and a vigorous memory. He was an American born, was Captain Jorgan—a New Englander—but he was a citizen of the world, and a combination of most of the best qualities of most of its best countries.

For Captain Jorgan to sit any where in his long-skirted blue coat and blue trowsers, without holding converse with every body within speaking distance, was a sheer impossibility. So the captain fell to talking with the fishermen, and to asking them knowing questions about the fishery, and the tides, and the currents, and the race of water off that point yonder, and what you kept in your eye and got into a line with what else when you ran into the little harbor; and other nautical profundities. Among the men who exchanged ideas with the captain was a young fellow who exactly hit his fancy—a young fisherman of two or three-and-twenty, in the rough sea-dress of his craft, with a brown face, dark curling hair, and bright, modest eyes under his Sou'wester hat, and with a frank but simple and retiring manner, which the captain found uncommonly taking. "I'd bet a thousand dollars," said the captain to himself, "that your father was an honest man!"

"Might you be married now?" asked the captain, when he had had some talk with this new acquaintance.

"Not yet."

"Going to be?" said the captain.

"I hope so."

The captain's keen glance followed the slightest possible turn of the dark eye, and the slightest possible tilt of the Sou'wester hat. The captain then slapped both his legs, and said to himself,

"Never knew such a good thing in all my life! There's his sweet-heart looking over the wall!"

There was a very pretty girl looking over the wall, from a little platform of cottage, vine, and fuchsia; and she certainly did not look as if the presence of this young fisherman in the landscape made it any the less sunny and hopeful for her.

Captain Jorgan, having doubled himself up to laugh with that hearty good nature which is quite exultant in the innocent happiness of other people, had undoubled himself, and was going to start a new subject, when there appeared coming down the lower ladders of stones a man whom he hailed as "Tom Pettifer Ho!" Tom Pettifer Ho responded with alacrity, and in speedy course descended on the pier.

"Afraid of a sun-stroke in England in November, Tom, that you wear your tropical hat, strongly paid outside and paper-lined inside, here?" said the captain, eying it.

"It's as well to be on the safe side, sir," replied Tom.

"Safe side!" repeated the captain, laughing. "You'd guard against a sun-stroke, with that old hat, in an Ice Pack. Wa'al! What have you made out at the Post-office?"

"It *is* the Post-office, sir."

"What's the Post-office?" said the captain.

"The name, sir. The name keeps the Post-office."

"A coincidence!" said the captain. "A lucky hit! Show me where it is. Good-by, shipmates, for the present! I shall come and have another look at you, afore I leave, this afternoon."

This was addressed to all there, but especially the young fisherman; so all there acknowledged it, but especially the young fisherman. "*He's* a sailor!" said one to another, as they looked after the captain moving away. That he was; and so outspeaking was *the sailor in him*, that although his dress had nothing nautical about it, with the single exception of its color, but was a suit of a shore-going shape and form, too long in the sleeves and too short in the legs, and too unaccommodating every where, terminating earthward in a pair of Wellington boots, and surmounted by a tall, stiff hat which no mortal could have worn at sea in any wind under Heaven; nevertheless, a glimpse of his sagacious, weather-beaten face, or his strong, brown hand, would have established the captain's calling. Whereas Mr. Pettifer—a man of a certain plump neatness, with a curly whisker, and elaborately nautical in a jacket and shoes and all things correspondent—looked no more like a seaman, beside Captain Jorgan, than he looked like a sea-serpent.

The two climbed high up the village—which had the most arbitrary turns and twists in it, so that the cobbler's house came dead across the ladder, and to have held a reasonable course you must have gone through his house, and through him too, as he sat at his work between two little windows, with one eye microscopically on the geological formation of that part of Devonshire, and the other telescopically on the open sea—the two climbed high up the village, and stopped before a quaint little house, on which was painted, "Mrs. Raybrock, Draper;" and also, "Post-office." Before it ran a rill of murmuring water, and access to it was gained by a little plank-bridge.

"Here's the name," said Captain Jorgan, "sure enough. You can come in if you like, Tom."

The captain opened the door, and passed into an odd little shop, about six feet high, with a great variety of beams and bumps in the ceiling, and, besides the principal window giving on the ladder of stones, a purblind little window of a single pane of glass: peeping out of an abutting corner at the sun-lighted ocean, and winking at its brightness.

"How do you do, ma'am?" said the captain. "I am very glad to see you. I have come a long way to see you."

"*Have* you, sir? Then I am sure I am very glad to see *you*, though I don't know you from Adam."

Thus a comely elderly woman, short of stature, plump of form, sparkling and dark of eye, who, perfectly clean and neat herself, stood in the midst of her perfectly clean and neat arrangements, and surveyed Captain Jorgan with smiling curiosity. "Ah! but you are a sailor, sir," she added, almost immediately, and with a slight movement of her hands, that was not very unlike wringing them; "then you are heartily welcome."

"Thank'ee, ma'am," said the captain. "I don't know what it is, I am sure, that brings out the salt in me, but every body seems to see it on the crown of my hat and the collar of my coat. Yes, ma'am, I am in that way of life."

"And the other gentleman, too," said Mrs. Raybrock.

"Well now, ma'am," said the captain, glancing shrewdly at the other gentleman, "you are that nigh right, that he goes to sea—if that makes him a sailor. This is my steward, ma'am, Tom Pettifer; he's been a'most all trades you could name, in the course of his life—would have bought all your chairs and tables, once, if you had wished to sell 'em—but now he's my steward. My name's Jorgan, and I'm a ship-owner, and I sail my own and my partners' ships, and have done so this five-and-twenty year. According to custom I am called Captain Jorgan, but I am no more a captain, bless your heart! than you are."

"Perhaps you'll come into my parlor, sir, and take a chair?" said Mrs. Raybrock.

"Ex-actly what I was going to propose myself, ma'am. After you."

Thus replying, and enjoining Tom to give an eye to the shop, Captain Jorgan followed Mrs. Raybrock into the little low back-room—decorated with divers plants in pots, tea-trays, old china tea-pots, and punch-bowls—which was at once the private sitting-room of the Raybrock family and the inner cabinet of the post-office of the village of Steepways.

"Now, ma'am," said the captain, "it don't signify a cent to you where I was born, except—" But here the shadow of some one entering fell upon the captain's figure, and he broke off to double himself up, slap both his legs, and ejaculate, "Never knew such a thing in all my life! Here he is again! How are you?"

These words referred to the young fellow who had so taken Captain Jorgan's fancy down at the pier. To make it all quite complete he came in accompanied by the sweet-heart whom the captain had detected looking over the wall. A prettier sweet-heart the sun could not have shone upon that shining day. As she stood before the captain, with her rosy lips just parted in surprise, her brown eyes a little wider open than was usual from the same cause, and her breathing a little quickened by the ascent (and possibly by some mysterious hurry and flurry at the parlor door, in which the captain had observed her face to be for a moment totally eclipsed by the Sou'wester hat), she looked so charming, that the captain felt himself under a moral obligation to slap both his legs again. She was very simply dressed, with no other ornament than an autumnal flower in her bosom. She wore neither hat nor bonnet, but merely a scarf or kerchief, folded squarely back over the head, to keep the sun off—according to a fashion that may be sometimes seen in the more genial parts of England as well as of Italy, and which is probably the first fashion of head-dress that came into the world when grasses and leaves went out.

"In my country," said the captain, rising to give her his chair, and dexterously sliding it close to another chair on which the young fisherman must necessarily establish himself—"in my country we should call Devonshire beauty first-rate!"

Whenever a frank manner is offensive, it is because it is strained or feigned; for there may be quite as much intolerable affectation in plainness as in mincing nicety. All that the captain said and did was honestly according to his nature, and his nature was open nature and good nature; therefore, when he paid this little compliment, and expressed with a sparkle or two of his knowing eye, "I see how it is, and nothing could be better," he had established a delicate confidence on that subject with the family.

"I was saying to your worthy mother," said the captain to the young man, after again introducing himself by name and occupation: "I was saying to your mother (and you're very like her) that it didn't signify where I was born, except that I was raised on question-asking ground, where the babies as soon as ever they come into the world, inquire of their mothers, 'Neow, how old may *you* be, and wa'at air you a goin' to name me?'—which is a fact." Here he slapped his leg. "Such being the case, I may be excused for asking you if your name's Alfred?"

"Yes, sir, my name is Alfred," returned the young man.

"I am not a conjuror," pursued the captain, "and don't think me so, or I shall right soon undeceive you. Likewise don't think, if you please, though I *do* come from that country of the babies, that I am asking questions for question-asking's sake, for I am not. Somebody belonging to you went to sea?"

"My elder brother Hugh," returned the young man. He said it in an altered and lower voice, and glanced at his mother: who raised her hands hurriedly, and put them together across her black gown, and looked eagerly at the visitor.

"No! For God's sake, don't think that!" said the captain, in a solemn way; "I bring no good tidings of him."

There was a silence, and the mother turned her face to the fire and put her hand between it and her eyes. The young fisherman slightly motioned toward the window, and the captain, looking in that direction, saw a young widow sitting at a neighboring window across a little garden, engaged in needle-work, with a young child sleeping on her bosom. The silence continued until the captain asked of Alfred:

"How long is it since it happened?"

"He shipped for his last voyage better than three years ago."

"Ship struck upon some reef or rock, as I take it," said the captain, "and all hands lost?"

"Yes."

"Wa'al!" said the captain, after a shorter silence. "Here I sit who may come to the same end, like enough. He holds the seas in the hollow of His hand. We must all strike somewhere and go down. Our comfort, then, for ourselves and one another, is, to have done our duty. I'll wager your brother did his!"

"He did!" answered the young fisherman. "If ever man strove faithfully on all occasions to do his duty, my brother did. My brother was not a quick man (any thing but that), but he was a faithful, true, and just man. We were the sons of only a small tradesman in this county, sir; yet our father was as watchful of his good name as if he had been a king."

"A precious sight more so, I hope—bearing in mind the general run of that class of crittur," said the captain. "But I interrupt."

"My brother considered that our father left the good name to us, to keep clear and true."

"Your brother considered right," said the captain; "and you couldn't take care of a better legacy. But again I interrupt."

"No; for I have nothing more to say. We know that Hugh lived well for the good name, and we feel certain that he died well for the good name. And now it has come into my keeping. And that's all."

"Well spoken!" cried the captain. "Well spoken, young man! Concerning the manner of your brother's death"—by this time the captain had released the hand he had shaken, and sat with his own broad brown hands spread out on his knees, and spoke aside—"concerning the manner of your brother's death, it may be that I have some information to give you; though it may not be, for I am far from sure. Can we have a little talk alone?"

The young man rose; but not before the captain's quick eye had noticed that, on the pretty sweet-heart's turning to the window to greet the young widow with a nod and a wave of the hand, the young widow had held up to her the needle-work on which she was engaged, with a patient and pleasant smile. So the captain said, being on his legs:

"What might she be making now?"

"What is Margaret making, Kitty?" asked the young fisherman—with one of his arms apparently mislaid somewhere.

As Kitty only blushed in reply, the captain doubled himself up, as far as he could, standing, and said, with a slap of his leg:

"In my country we should call it wedding-clothes. Fact! We should, I do assure you."

But it seemed to strike the captain in another light too; for his laugh was not a long one, and he added, in quite a gentle tone:

"And it's very pretty, my dear, to see her—poor young thing, with her fatherless child upon her bosom—giving up her thoughts to your home and your happiness. It's very pretty, my dear, and it's very good. May your marriage be more prosperous than hers, and be a comfort to her too. May the blessed sun see you all happy together, in possession of the good name, long after I have done plowing the great salt field that is never sown!"

Kitty answered very earnestly. "Oh! Thank you, sir, with all my heart!" And, in her loving little way, kissed her hand to him, and possibly by implication to the young fisherman too, as the latter held the parlor door open for the captain to pass out.

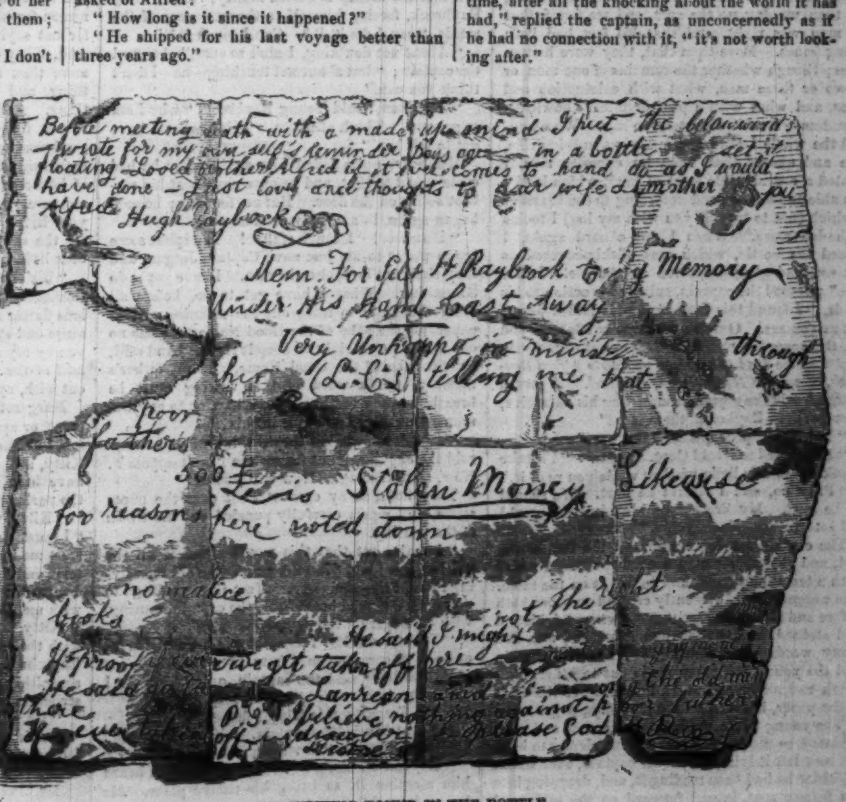
CHAPTER II—THE MONEY.

"The stairs are very narrow, sir," said Alfred Raybrock to Captain Jorgan.

"Like my cabin-stairs," returned the captain, "on many a voyage."

"And they are rather inconvenient for the head."

"If my head can't take care of itself by this time, after all the knocking about the world it has had," replied the captain, as unconcernedly as if he had no connection with it, "it's not worth looking after."



Before meeting death with a made up mind I put the belowwritten's
wrote for my own self's reminder days ago in a bottle [illegible] set it
floating Loved brother Alfred if it ever comes to hand do as I would
have done — Last love and thoughts to dear wife & mother [illegible] you
Affecte Hugh Raybrock

Mem. For self H Raybrock to [illegible] of Memory
Under His Hand Cast Away
Very Unhappy in mind through
her (L. C.) telling me that
poor
father's
500 £s is Stolen Money Likewise
for reasons here noted down
no malice
books
not the right
He said I might
Its proof if ever we get taken off here
He said go to
there Lanrean and among the old [illegible] father
However taken off [illegible] discover
P.S. I believe nothing against poor father please God
mistake
H. R.

THE WRITING FOUND IN THE BOTTLE.

Thus they came into the young fisherman's bedroom, which was as perfectly neat and clean as the shop and parlor below: though it was but a little place, with a sliding window, and a phrenological ceiling expressive of all the peculiarities of the house-roof. Here the captain sat down on the foot of the bed, and, glancing at a dreadful libel on Kitty which ornamented the wall—the production of some wandering limner, whom the captain secretly admired, as having studied portraiture from the figure-heads of ships—motioned to the young man to take the rush-chair on the other side of the small round table. That done, the captain put his hand into the deep breast-pocket of his long-skirted blue coat, and took out of it a strong square case-bottle—not a large bottle, but such as may be seen in any ordinary ship's medicine-chest. Setting this bottle on the table without removing his hand from it, Captain Jorgan then spake as follows:

"In my last voyage homeward-bound," said the captain, "and that's the voyage off of which I now come straight, I encountered such weather off the Horn as is not very often met with, even there. I have rounded that stormy Cape pretty often, and I believe I first beat about there in the identical storms that blew the devil's horns and tail off, and led to the horns being worked up into tooth-picks for the plantation overseers in my country, who may be seen (if you travel down South, or away West, fur enough) picking their teeth with 'em, while the whips, made of the tail, flog hard. In this last voyage, homeward-bound for Liverpool from South America, I say to you, my young friend, it blew. Whole measures! No half measures, nor making believe to blow; it blew! Now I warn't blown clean out of the water into the sky—though I expected to be even that—but I was blown clean out of my course; and when at last it fell calm, it fell dead calm, and a strong current set one way, day and night, night and day, and I drifted—drifted—drifted—out of all the ordinary tracks and courses of ships, and drifted yet, and yet drifted. It behooves a man who takes charge of fellow-cruttur's' lives, never to rest from making himself master of his calling. I never did rest, and consequently I knew pretty well ('specially looking over the side in the dead calm of that strong current) what dangers to expect, and what precautions to take against 'em. In short, we were driving head on to an Island. There was no Island in the chart, and, therefore, you may say it was ill manners in the Island to be there; I don't dispute its bad breeding, but there it was. Thanks be to Heaven, I was as ready for the Island as the Island was ready for me. I made it out myself from the masthead, and I got enough way upon her in good time to keep her off. I ordered a boat to be lowered and manned, and went in that boat myself to explore the Island. There was a reef outside it, and, floating in a corner of the smooth water within the reef, was a heap of sea-weed, and entangled in that sea-weed was this bottle."

Here the captain took his hand from the bottle for a moment, that the young fisherman might direct a wondering glance at it; and then replaced his hand and went on:

"If ever you come—or even if ever you don't come—to a desert place, use you your eyes and your spy-glass well; for the smallest thing you see may prove of use to you, and may have some information or some warning in it. That's the principle on which I came to see this bottle. I picked up the bottle and ran the boat alongside the Island and made fast and went ashore, armed, with a part of my boat's crew. We found that every scrap of vegetation on the Island (I give it you as my opinion, but scant and scrubby at the best of times) had been consumed by fire. As we were making our way, cautiously and toilsomely, over the pulverized embers, one of my people sank into the earth, breast high. He turned pale, and 'Haul me out smart, shipmates,' says he, 'for my feet are among bones.' We soon got him on his legs again, and then we dug up the spot, and we found that the man was right, and that his feet had been among bones. More than that, they were human bones; though whether the remains of one man, or of two or three men, what with calcination and ashes, and what with a poor practical knowledge of anatomy, I can't undertake to say. We examined the whole Island and made out nothing else, save and except that, from its opposite side, I sighted a considerable tract of land, which land I was able to identify, and according to the bearings of which (not to trouble you with my log) I took a fresh departure. When I got aboard again, I opened the bottle, which was oilskin-covered as you see, and glass-stoppered as you see. Inside of it," pursued the captain, suiting his action to his words, "I found this little crumpled folded paper, just as you see. Outside of it was written, as you see, these words: '*Whoever finds this, is solemnly entreated by the dead to convey it unread to Alfred Raybrock, Steepways, North Devon, England.*' A sacred charge," said the captain, concluding his narrative, "and, Alfred Raybrock, there it is!"

"This is my poor brother's writing!"

"I supposed so," said Capt. Jorgan. "I'll take a look out of this little window while you read it."

"Pray no, sir! I should be hurt. We should all be hurt. My brother couldn't know it would fall into such hands as yours."

The captain sat down again on the foot of the bed, and the young man opened the folded paper with a trembling hand, and spread it on the table. The ragged paper, evidently creased and torn both before and after being written on, was much blotted and stained, and the ink had faded and run, and many words were wanting. What the captain and the young fisherman made out together, after much re-reading and much humoring of the folds of the paper, is given on the preceding page.

The young fisherman had become more and more agitated, as the writing had become clearer to him. He now left it lying before the captain, over whose shoulder he had been reading it, and, dropping into his former seat, leaned forward on the table and laid his face in his hands.

"What, man," urged the captain, "don't give in! Be up and doing, *like* a man!"

"It is selfish, I know—but doing what, doing what?" cried the young fisherman, in complete despair, and stamping his sea-boot on the ground.

"Doing what?" returned the captain. "Something! I'd go down to the little breakwater below, yonder, and take a wrench at one of the salt-rusted iron-rings there, and either wrench it up by the roots or wrench my teeth out of my head, sooner than I'd do nothing. Nothing!" ejaculated the captain. "Any fool or faint-heart can do *that*, and nothing can come of nothing—Which was pretended to be found out, I believe, by one of them Latin critturs," said the captain, with the deepest disdain; "as if Adam hadn't found it out, afore ever he so much as named the beasts!"

Yet the captain saw, in spite of his bold words, that there was some greater reason than he yet understood for the young man's distress. And he eyed him with a sympathizing-curiosity.

"Come, come!" continued the captain. "Speak out. What is it, boy?"

"You have seen how beautiful she is, Sir," said the young man, looking up for the moment, with a flushed face and rumpled hair.

"Did any man ever say she warn't beautiful?" retorted the captain. "If so, go and lick him."

The young man laughed fretfully in spite of himself, and said, "It's not that, it's not that."

"Wa'al, then, what is it?" said the captain, in a more soothing tone.

The young fisherman mournfully composed himself to tell the captain what it was, and began: "We were to have been married next Monday week—"

"Were to have been!" interrupted Captain Jorgan. "And are to be? Hey?"

Young Raybrock shook his head, and traced out with his forefinger the words "*poor father's five hundred pounds*," in the written paper.

"Go along," said the captain. "Five hundred pounds? Yes?"

"That sum of money," pursued the young fisherman, entering with the greatest earnestness on his demonstration, while the captain eyed him with equal earnestness, "was all my late father possessed. When he died, he owed no man more than he left means to pay, but he had been able to lay by only five hundred pounds."

"Five hundred pounds," repeated the captain. "Yes?"

"In his lifetime, years before, he had expressly laid the money aside, to leave to my mother—like to settle upon her, if I make myself understood."

"Yes?"

"He had risked it once—my father put down in writing at that time, respecting the money—and was resolved never to risk it again."

"Not a spec'lator," said the captain. "My country wouldn't have suited him. Yes?"

"My mother has never touched the money till now. And now it was to have been laid out, this very next week, in buying me a handsome share in our neighboring fishery here, to settle me in life with Kitty."

The captain's face fell, and he passed and repassed his sun-browned right hand over his thin hair, in a discomfited manner.

"Kitty's father has no more than enough to live on, even in the sparing way in which we live about here. He is a kind of bailiff or steward of manor rights here, and they are not much, and it is but a poor little office. He was better off once, and Kitty must never marry to mere drudgery and hard living."

The captain still sat stroking his thin hair, and looking at the young fisherman.

"I am as certain that my father had no knowledge that any one was wronged as to this money, or that any restitution ought to be made, as I am certain that the sun now shines. But, after this solemn warning from my brother's grave in the sea, that the money is Stolen Money," said Young Raybrock, forcing himself to the utterance of the words, "can I doubt it? Can I touch it?"

"About not doubting, I ain't so sure," observed the captain; "but about not touching—no—I don't think you can."

"See, then," said Young Raybrock, "why I am so grieved. Think of Kitty. Think what I have got to tell her!"

His heart quite failed him again when he had come round to that, and he once more beat his sea-boot softly on the floor. But not for long; he soon began again, in a quietly resolute tone.

"However! Enough of that! You spoke some brave words to me just now, Captain Jorgan, and they shall not be spoken in vain. I have got to do Something. What I have got to do, before all other things, is to trace out the meaning of this paper, for the sake of the Good Name that has no one else to put it right or keep it right. And still, for the sake of the Good Name, and my father's memory, not a word of this writing must be breathed to my mother, or to Kitty, or to any human creature. You agree in this?"

"I don't know what they'll think of us below," said the captain, "but for certain I can't oppose it. Now, as to tracing. How will you do?"

They both, as by consent, bent over the paper again, and again carefully puzzled out the whole of the writing.

"I make out that this would stand, if all the writing was here, 'Inquire among the old men living there, for'—some one. Most like, you'll go to this village named here?" said the captain, musing, with his finger on the name.

"Yes! And Mr. Tregarthen is a Cornishman, and—to be sure!—comes from Lanrean."

"Does he?" said the captain, quietly. "As I ain't acquainted with him, who may *he* be?"

"Mr. Tregarthen is Kitty's father."

"Ay, ay!" cried the captain. "Now, you speak! Tregarthen knows this village of Lanrean, then?"

"Beyond all doubt he does. I have often heard him mention it, as being his native place. He knows it well."

"Stop half a moment," said the captain. "We want a name here. You could ask Tregarthen (or if you couldn't, I could) what names of old men he remembers in his time in those diggings? Hey?"

"I can go straight to his cottage, and ask him now."

"Take me with you," said the captain, rising in a solid way that had a most comfortable reliability in it, "and just a word more first. I have knocked about harder than you, and have got along further than you. I have had, all my sea-going life long, to keep my wits polished bright with acid and friction, like the brass cases of the ship's instruments. I'll keep you company on this expedition. Now, you don't live by talking any more than I do. Clench that hand of yours in this hand of mine, and that's a speech on both sides."

Captain Jorgan took command of the expedition with that hearty shake. He at once refolded the paper exactly as before, replaced it in the bottle, put the stopper in, put the oilskin over the stopper, confided the whole to Young Raybrock's keeping, and led the way down stairs.

But it was harder navigation below stairs than above. The instant they set foot in the parlor the quick, womanly eye detected that there was something wrong. Kitty exclaimed, frightened, as she ran to her lover's side, "Alfred! What's the matter?" Mrs. Raybrock cried out to the captain, "Gracious! what have you done to my son to change him like this all in a minute!" And the young widow—who was there with her work upon her arm—was at first so agitated that she frightened the little girl she held in her hand, who hid her face in her mother's skirts and screamed. The captain, conscious of being held responsible for this domestic change, contemplated it with quite a guilty expression of countenance, and looked to the young fisherman to come to his rescue.

"Kitty darling," said Young Raybrock, "Kitty, dearest love, I must go away to Lanrean, and I don't know where else or how much farther, this very day. Worse than that—our marriage, Kitty, must be put off, and I don't know for how long."

Kitty stared at him, in doubt and wonder and in anger, and pushed him from her with her hand.

"Put off?" cried Mrs. Raybrock. "The marriage put off? And you going to Lanrean! Why, in the name of the dear Lord?"

"Mother dear, I can't say why; I must not say why. It would be dishonorable and undutiful to say why."

"Dishonorable and undutiful?" returned the dame. "And is there nothing dishonorable or undutiful in the boy's breaking the heart of his own plighted love, and his mother's heart too, for the sake of the dark secrets and counsels of a wicked stranger? Why did you ever come here?" she apostrophized the innocent captain. "Who wanted you? Where did you come from? Why couldn't you rest in your own bad place, wherever it is, instead of disturbing the peace of quiet unoffending folk like us?"

"And what," sobbed the poor little Kitty, "have I ever done to you, you hard and cruel captain, that you should come and serve me so?"

And then they both began to weep most pitifully, while the captain could only look from the one to the other, and lay hold of himself by the coat collar.

"Margaret," said the poor young fisherman, on his knees at Kitty's feet, while Kitty kept both her hands before her tearful face, to shut out the traitor from her view—but kept her fingers wide asunder, and looked at him all the time: "Margaret, you have suffered so much, so uncomplainingly, and are always so careful and considerate! Do take my part, for poor Hugh's sake!"

The quiet Margaret was not appealed to in vain. "I will, Alfred," she returned, "and I do. I wish this gentleman had never come near us;" whereupon the captain laid hold of himself the tighter; "but I take your part, for all that. I am sure you have some strong reason and some sufficient reason for what you do, strange as it is, and even for not saying why you do it, strange as that is. And, Kitty darling, you are bound to think so, more than any one, for true love believes every thing, and bears every thing, and trusts every thing. And mother dear, you are bound to think so too, for you know you have been blest with good sons, whose word was always as good as their oath, and who were brought up in as true a sense of honor as any gentleman in this land. And I am sure you have no more call, mother, to doubt your living son than to doubt your dead son; and for the sake of the dear dead, I stand up for the dear living."

"Wa'al now," the captain struck in, with enthusiasm, "this I say, That whether your opinions flatter me or not, you are a young woman of sense and spirit and feeling; and I'd sooner have you by my side, in the hour of danger, than a good half of the men I've ever fallen in with—or fallen out with, ayther."

Margaret did not return the captain's compliment, or appear fully to reciprocate his good opinion, but she applied herself to the consolation of Kitty, and of Kitty's mother-in-law that was to have been next Monday week, and soon restored the parlor to a quiet condition.

"Kitty, my darling," said the young fisherman, "I must go to your father to entreat him still to trust me in spite of this wretched change and mystery, and to ask him for some directions concerning Lanrean. Will you come home? Will you come with me, Kitty?"

Kitty answered not a word, but rose sobbing, with the end of her simple head-dress at her eyes. Captain Jorgan followed the lovers out, quite sheepishly: pausing in the shop to give an instruction to Mr. Pettifer.

"Here, Tom!" said the captain, in a low voice. "Here's something in your line. Here's an old lady poorly and low in her spirits. Cheer her up a bit, Tom. Cheer 'em all up."

Mr. Pettifer, with a brisk nod of intelligence, immediately assumed his steward face, and went with his quiet helpful steward step into the parlor, where the captain had the great satisfaction of seeing him, through the glass-door, take the child in his arms (who offered no objection), and bend over Mrs. Raybrock, administering soft words of consolation.

"Though what he finds to say, unless he's telling her that it'll soon be over, or that most people is so at first, or that it'll do her good afterward, I can not imaginate!" was the captain's reflection as he followed the lovers.

He had not far to follow them, since it was but a short descent down the stony ways to the cottage of Kitty's father. But, short as the distance was, it was long enough to enable the captain to observe that he was fast becoming the village Ogre; for there was not a woman standing working at her door, or a fisherman coming up or going down, who saw Young Raybrock unhappy and little Kitty in tears, but she or he instantly darted a suspicious and indignant glance at the captain, as the foreigner who must somehow be responsible for this unusual spectacle. Consequently, when they came into Tregarthen's little garden—which formed the platform from which the captain had seen Kitty peeping over the wall—the captain brought to, and stood off and on at the gate, while Kitty hurried to hide her tears in her own room, and Alfred spoke with her father, who was working in the garden. He was a rather infirm man, but could scarcely be called old yet, with an agreeable face and a promising air of making the best of things. The conversation began on his side with great cheerfulness and good humor, but soon became distrustful, and soon angry. That was the captain's cue for striking both into the conversation and the garden.

"Morning, sir!" said Captain Jorgan. "How do you do?"

"The gentleman I am going away with," said the young fisherman to Tregarthen.

"Oh!" returned Kitty's father, surveying the unfortunate captain with a look of extreme disfavor. "I confess that I can't say I am glad to see you."

"No," said the captain, "and, to admit the truth, that seems to be the general opinion in these parts. But don't be hasty; you may think better of me by-and-by."

"I hope so," observed Tregarthen.

"Wa'al, *I* hope so," observed the captain, quite at his ease; "more than that, I believe so—though you don't. Now, Mr. Tregarthen, you don't want to exchange words of mistrust with me; and if you did, you couldn't, because I wouldn't. You and I are old enough to know better than to judge against experience from surfaces and appearances; and if you haven't lived to find out the evil and injustice of such judgments, you are a lucky man."

The other seemed to shrink under this remark, and replied, "Sir, I *have* lived to feel it deeply."

"Wa'al," said the captain, mollified, "then I've made a good cast without knowing it. Now, Tregarthen, there stands the lover of your only child, and here stand I who know his secret. I warrant it a righteous secret, and none of his making, though bound to be of his keeping. I want to help him out with it, and tewwards that end we ask you to favor us with the names of two or three old residents in the village of Lanrean. As I am taking out my pocket-book and pencil to put the names down, I may as well observe to you that this, wrote atop of the first page here, is my name and address: 'Silas Jonas Jorgan, Salem, Massachusetts, United States.' If ever you take it in your head to run over any morning, I shall be glad to welcome you. Now, what may be the spelling of these said names?"

"There was an elderly man," said Tregarthen, "named David Polreath. He may be dead."

"Wa'al," said the captain, cheerfully, "if Polreath's dead and buried, and can be made of any service to us, Polreath won't object to our digging of him up. Polreath's down, any how."

"There was another named Penrewen. I don't know his Christian name."

"Never mind his Chris'en name," said the captain. "Penrewen for short."

"There was another named John Tredgear."

"And a pleasant-sounding name, too," said the captain; "John Tredgear's booked."

"I can recall no other except old Parvis."

"One of old Parvis's fam'ly, I reckon," said the captain, "kept a dry-goods store in New York city, and realized a handsome competency by burning his house to ashes. Same name, any how. David Polreath, Unchris'en Penrewen, John Tredgear, and old Arson Parvis."

"I can not recall any others at the moment."

"Thank'ee," said the captain. "And so, Tregarthen, hoping for your good opinion yet, and likewise for the fair Devonshire Flower's, your daughter's, I give you my hand, sir, and wish you good-day."

Young Raybrock accompanied him disconsolately; for there was no Kitty at the window when he looked up, no Kitty in the garden when he shut the gate, no Kitty gazing after them along the stony ways when they began to climb back.

"Now I tell you what," said the captain. "Not being at present calc'lated to promote harmony in your family, I won't come in. You go and get your dinner at home, and I'll get mine at the little hotel. Let our hour of meeting be two o'clock, and you'll find me smoking a cigar in the sun afore the hotel door. Tell Tom Pettifer, my steward, to consider himself on duty, and to look after your people till we come back; you'll find he'll have made himself useful to 'em already, and will be quite acceptable."

All was done as Captain Jorgan directed. Punctually at two o'clock the young fisherman appeared with his knapsack at his back; and punctually at two o'clock the captain jerked away the last feather-end of his cigar.

"Let me carry your baggage, Captain Jorgan; I can easily take it with mine."

"Thank'ee," said the captain, "I'll carry it myself. It's on'y a comb."

They climbed out of the village, and paused among the trees and fern on the summit of the hill above, to take breath and to look down at the beautiful sea. Suddenly the captain gave his leg a resounding slap, and cried, "Never knew such a right thing in all my life!"—and ran away.

The cause of this abrupt retirement on the part of the captain was little Kitty among the trees. The captain went out of sight and waited, and kept out of sight and waited, until it occurred to him to beguile the time with another cigar. He lighted it, and smoked it out, and still he was out of sight and waiting. He stole within sight at last, and saw the lovers, with their arms entwined and their bent heads touching, moving slowly among the trees. It was the golden time of the afternoon then, and the captain said to himself, "Golden sun, golden sea, golden sails, golden leaves, golden love, golden youth—a golden state of things altogether!"

Nevertheless the captain found it necessary to hail his young companion before going out of sight again. In a few moments more he came up, and they began their journey.

"That still young woman with the fatherless child," said Captain Jorgan, as they fell into step, "didn't throw her words away; but good honest words are never thrown away. And now that I am conveying you off from that tender little thing that loves and relies and hopes, I feel just as if I was the snarling crittur in the picters, with the tight legs, the long nose, and the feather in his cap, the tips of whose mustaches get up nearer to his eyes the wickeder he gets."

The young fisherman knew nothing of Mephistopheles; but he smiled when the captain stopped to double himself up and slap his leg, and they went along in right good-fellowship.

CHAPTER III.—THE CLUB-NIGHT.

A Cornish Moor, when the east wind drives over it, is as cold and rugged a scene as a traveler is likely to find in a year's travel. A Cornish Moor, in the dark, is as black a solitude as the traveler is likely to wish himself well out of in the course of a life's wanderings. A Cornish Moor, in a night fog, is a wilderness where the traveler needs to know his way well, or the chances are very strong that his life and his wanderings will soon perplex him no more.

Captain Jorgan and the young fisherman had faced the east and the southeast winds from the first rising of the sun after their departure from the village of Steepways. Thrice had the sun risen, and still all day long had the sharp wind blown at them like some malevolent spirit bent on forcing them back. But Captain Jorgan was too familiar with all the winds that blow, and too much accustomed to circumvent their slightest weaknesses, and get the better of them in the long run, to be beaten by any member of the airy family. Taking the year round, it was his opinion that it mattered little what wind blew, or how hard it blew; so he was as indifferent to the wind on this occasion as a man could be who frequently observed "that it freshened him up," and who regarded it in the light of an old acquaintance. One might have supposed, from his way, that there was even a kind of fraternal understanding between Captain Jorgan and the wind, as between two professed fighters often opposed to one another. The young fisherman, for his part, was accustomed within his narrower limits to hold hard weather cheap, and had his anxious object before him; so the wind went by him, too, little heeded, and went upon its way to kiss Kitty.

Their varied course had lain by the side of the sea, where the brown rocks cleft it into fountains of spray, and inland where once barren moors were reclaimed and cultivated, and by lonely villages of poor-enough cabins with mud walls, and by a town or two with an old church and a market-place. But, always traveling through a sparely inhabited country and over a broad expanse, they had come at last upon the true Cornish Moor within reach of Lanrean. None but gaunt spectres of miners passed them here, with metallic masks of faces, ghastly with dust of copper and tin; anon, solitary works on remote hill-tops, and bare machinery of torturing wheels and cogs and chains, writhing up hill-sides, were the few scattered hints of human presence in the landscape; during long intervals, the bitter wind, howling and tearing at them like a fierce wild monster, had them all to itself.

"A sing'lar thing it is," said the captain, looking round at the brown desert of rank grass and poor moss, "how like this airth is to the men that live upon it! Here's a spot of country rich with hidden metals, and it puts on the worst rags of clothes possible, and crouches and shivers and makes believe to be so poor that it can't so much as afford a feed for a beast. Just like a human miser, ain't it?"

"But they find the miser out," returned the young fisherman, pointing to where the earth by the water-courses and along the valleys was turned up, for miles, in trying for metal.

"Ay, they find him out," said the captain; "but he makes a struggle of it even then, and holds back all he can. He's a 'cute 'un."

The gloom of evening was already gathering on the dreary scene, and they were, at the shortest and best, a dozen miles from their destination. But the captain, in his long-skirted blue coat and his boots and his hat and his square shirt-collar, and without any extra defense against the weather, walked coolly along with his hands in his pockets; as if he lived under-ground somewhere hard by, and had just come up to show his friend the road.

"I'd have liked to have had a look at this place, too," said the captain, "when there was a monstrous sweep of water rolling over it, dragging the powerful great stones along and piling 'em atop of one another, and depositing the foundations for all manner of superstitions. Bless you! the old priests, smart mechanical critturs as they were, never piled up many of these stones. Water's the lever that moved 'em. When you see 'em thick and blunt tewwards one point of the compass, and fined away thin tewwards the opposite point, you may be as good as moral sure that the name of the ancient Druid that fixed 'em was Water."

The captain referred to some great blocks of stone presenting this characteristic, which were wonderfully balanced and heaped on one another, on a desolate hill. Looking back at these, as they stood out against the lurid glare of the west, just then expiring, they were not unlike enormous antediluvian birds, that had perched there on crags and peaks, and had been petrified there.

"But it's an interesting country," said the captain, "—fact! It's old in the annals of that said old Arch-Druid, Water, and it's old in the annals of the said old parson-critturs too. It's a mighty interesting thing to set your boot (as I did this day) on a rough, honey-combed old stone, with just nothing you can name but weather visible upon it: which the scholars that go about with hammers, chipping pieces off the universal airth, find to be an inscription entreating prayers for the soul of some for-ages-bust-up crittur of a governor that over-taxed a people never heard of." Here the captain stopped to slap his leg. "It's a mighty interesting thing to come upon a score or two of stones set up on end in a desert—some short, some tall, some leaning here, some leaning there, and to know that they were pop'larly supposed—and may be still—to be a group of Cornish men that got changed into that geological formation for playing a game upon a Sunday. They wouldn't have it in my country, I reckon, even if they could get it—but it's very interesting."

In this the captain, though it amused him, was quite sincere. Quite as sincere as when he added, after looking well about him: "That fog-bank coming up as the sun goes down, will spread, and we shall have to feel our way into Lanrean full as much as see it."

All the way along the young fisherman had spoken at times to the captain of his interrupted hopes, and of the family good name, and of the restitution that must be made, and of the cherished plans of his heart, so near attainment, which must be set aside for it. In his simple faith and honor, he seemed incapable of entertaining the idea that it was within the bounds of possibility to evade the doing of what their inquiries should establish to be right. This was very agreeable to Captain Jorgan, and won his genuine admiration. Wherefore he now turned the discourse back into that channel, and encouraged his companion to talk of Kitty, and to calculate how many years it would take, without a share in the fishery, to establish a home for her, and to relieve his honest heart by dwelling on its anxieties.

Meanwhile it fell very dark, and the fog became dense, though the wind howled at them and bit them as savagely as ever. The captain had carefully taken the bearings of Lanrean from the map, and carried his pocket-compass with him; the young fisherman, too, possessed that kind of cultivated instinct for shaping a course which is often found among men of such pursuits. But although they held a true course in the main, and corrected it when they lost the road by aid of the compass and a light obtained with great difficulty in the roomy depths of the captain's hat, they could not help losing the road often. On such occasions they would become involved in the difficult ground of the spongy moor, and, after making a laborious loop, would emerge upon the road at some point they had passed before they left it, and thus would have a good deal of work to do twice over. But the young fisherman was not easily lost, and the captain (and his comb) would probably have turned up, with perfect coolness and self-possession, at any appointed spot on the surface of this globe. Consequently, they were no more than retarded in their progress to Lanrean, and arrived in that small place at nine o'clock. By that time the captain's hat had fallen back over his ears, and rested on the nape of his neck; but he still had his hands in his pockets, and showed no other sign of dilapidation.

They had almost run against a low stone house with red-curtained windows, before they knew they had hit upon the little hotel, the King Arthur's Arms. They could just descry through the mist, on the opposite side of the narrow road, other low stone buildings which were its outhouses and stables; and somewhere overhead its invisible sign was being wrathfully swung by the wind.

"Now, wait a bit," said the captain. "They might be full here, or they might offer us cold quarters. Consequently, the policy is to take an observation, and, when we've found the warmest room, walk right slap into it."

The warmest room was evidently that from which fire and candle streamed reddest, and brightest, and from which the sound of voices engaged in some discussion came out into the night. Captain Jorgan having established the bearings of this room, merely said to his young friend, "Follow me!" and was in it before King Arthur's Arms had any notion that they infolded a stranger.

"Order, order, order!" cried several voices, as the captain, with his hat under his arm, stood within the door he had opened.

"Gentlemen," said the captain, advancing, "I am much beholden to you for the opportunity you give me of addressing you; but will not detain you with any lengthened observations. I have the honor to be a cousin of yours on the Uncle Sam side; this young friend of mine is a nearer relation of yours on the Devonshire side; we are both pretty nigh used up, and much in want of supper. I thank you for your welcome, and I am proud to take you by the hand, sir, and I hope I see you well."

These last words were addressed to a jolly-looking chairman, with a wooden hammer near him; which, but for the captain's friendly grasp, he would have taken up and hammered the table with.

"How do you *do*, sir?" said the captain, shaking this chairman's hand with the greatest heartiness, while his new friend ineffectually eyed his hammer of office; "when you come to my country, I shall be proud to return your welcome, sir, and that of this good company."

The captain now took his seat near the fire, and invited his companion to do the like—whom he congratulated aloud on their having "fallen on their feet."

The company, who might be about a dozen in number, were at a loss what to make of, or do with, the captain. But one little old man in long flapping shirt collars: who, with only his face and them visible through a cloud of tobacco smoke, looked like a superannuated Cherubim: said sharply,

"This is a Club."

"This is a Club," the captain repeated to his young friend. "Wa'al now, that's curious! Didn't I say, coming along, if we could only light upon a Club?"

The captain's doubling himself up and slapping his leg finished the chairman. He had been softening toward the captain from the first, and he melted. "Gentlemen King Arthurs," said he, rising, "though it is not the custom to admit strangers, still, as we have broken the rule once to-night, I will exert my authority and break it again. And while the supper of these travelers is cooking;" here his eye fell on the landlord, who discreetly took the hint and withdrew to see about it; "I will recall you to the subject of the sea-faring man."

"D'ye hear!" said the captain, aside to the young fisherman; "that's in our way. Who's the sea-faring man, I wonder?"

"I see several old men here," returned the young fisherman, eagerly, for his thoughts were always on his object. "Perhaps one or more of the old men whose names you wrote down in your book may be here."

"Perhaps," said the captain; "I've got my eye on 'em. But don't force it. Try if it won't come nat'ral."

Thus the two, behind their hands, while they sat warming them at the fire. Simultaneously, the Club beginning to be at its ease again, and resuming the discussion of the sea-faring man, the captain winked to his fellow-traveler to let him attend to it.

As it was a kind of conversation not altogether unprecedented in such assemblages, where most of those who spoke at all spoke all at once, and where half of those could put no beginning to what they had to say, and the other half could put no end, the tendency of the debate was discursive, and not very intelligible. All the captain had made out, down to the time when the separate little table laid for two was covered with a smoking broiled fowl and rashers of bacon, reduced itself to these heads. That, a sea-faring man had arrived at The King Arthur's Arms, benighted, an hour or so earlier in the evening. That, the Gentlemen King Arthurs had admitted him, though all unknown, into the sanctuary of their Club. That, they had invited him to make his footing good by telling a story. That, he had, after some pressing, begun a story of adventure and shipwreck; at an interesting point of which he suddenly broke off, and positively refused to finish. That, he had thereupon taken up a candlestick, and gone to bed, and was now the sole occupant of a double-bedded room up stairs. The question raised on these premises appeared to be, whether the sea-faring man was not in a state of contumacy and contempt, and ought not to be formally voted and declared in that condition. This deliberation involved the difficulty (suggested by the more jocose and irreverent of the Gentlemen King Arthurs) that it might make no sort of difference to the sea-faring man whether he was so voted and declared, or not.

Captain Jorgan and the young fisherman ate their supper and drank their beer, and their knives and forks had ceased to rattle and their glasses had ceased to clink, and still the discussion showed no symptoms of coming to any conclusion. But when they had left their little supper-table and had returned to their seats by the fire, the Chairman hammered himself into attention, and thus outspake.

"Gentlemen King Arthurs; when the night is so bad without, harmony should prevail within. When the moor is so windy, cold, and bleak, this room should be cheerful, convivial, and entertaining. Gentlemen, at present it is neither the one, nor yet the other, nor yet the other. Gentlemen King Arthurs, I recall you to yourselves. Gentlemen King Arthurs, what are you? You are inhabitants—old inhabitants—of the noble village of Lanrean. You are in council assembled. You are a monthly Club through all the winter months, and they are many. It is your perroud perrivilege, on a new member's entrance, or on a member's birthday, to call upon that member to make good his footing by relating to you some transaction or adventure in his life, or in the life of a relation, or in the life of a friend, and then to depute me as your representative to spin a teetotum to pass it round. Gentlemen King Arthurs, your perroud perrivileges shall not suffer in my keeping. N—no! Therefore, as the member whose birthday the present occasion has the honor to be, has gratified you; and as the sea-faring man overhead has *not* gratified you; I start you fresh, by spinning the teetotum attached to my office, and calling on the gentleman it falls to to speak up when his name is declared."

The captain and his young friend looked hard at the teetotum as it whirled rapidly, and harder still when it gradually became intoxicated and began to stagger about the table in an ill-conducted and disorderly manner. Finally, it came into collision with a candlestick, and leaped against the pipe of the old gentleman with the flapping shirt collars. Thereupon the chairman struck the table once with his hammer and said:

"Mr. Parvis!"

"D'ye hear that?" whispered the captain, greatly excited, to the young fisherman. "I'd have laid you a thousand dollars a good half-hour ago, that that old cherubim in the clouds was Arson Parvis!"

The respectable personage in question, after turning up one eye to assist his memory—at which time he bore a very striking resemblance indeed to the conventional representations of his race as executed in oil by various ancient masters—commenced a narrative, of which the interest centred in a waistcoat. It appeared that the waistcoat was a yellow waistcoat with a green stripe, white sleeves, and a plain brass button. It also appeared that the waistcoat was made to order, by Nicholas Pendold of Penzance, who was thrown off the top of a four-horse coach coming down the hill on the Plymouth road, and, pitching on his head where he was not sensitive, lived two-and-thirty years afterward, and considered himself the better for the accident—roused up, as it might be. It further appeared that the waistcoat belonged to Mr. Parvis's father, and had once attended him, in company with a pair of gaiters, to the annual feast of miners at St. Just: where the extraordinary circumstance which ever afterward rendered it a waistcoat famous in story had occurred. But the celebrity of the waistcoat was not thoroughly accounted for by Mr. Parvis, and had to be to some extent taken on trust by the company, in consequence of that gentleman's entirely forgetting all about the extraordinary circumstance that had handed it down to fame. Indeed, he was even unable, on a gentle cross-examination instituted for the assistance of his memory, to inform the Gentlemen King Arthurs whether it was a circumstance of a natural or a supernatural character. Having thus responded to the teetotum, Mr. Parvis, after looking out from his clouds as if he would like to see the man who would beat that, subsided into himself.

The fraternity were plunged into a blank condition by Mr. Parvis's success, and the chairman was about to try another spin, when young Raybrock—whom Captain Jorgan had with difficulty restrained—rose, and said might he ask Mr. Parvis a question.

The Gentlemen King Arthurs holding, with loud cries of "Order!" that he might not, he asked the question as soon as he could possibly make himself heard.

Did the forgotten circumstance relate in any way to money? To a sum of money, such as five hundred pounds? To money supposed by its possessor to be honestly come by, but in reality ill-gotten and stolen?

A general surprise seized upon the club when this remarkable inquiry was preferred; which would have become resentment but for the captain's interposition.

"Strange as it sounds," said he, "and suspicious as it sounds, I pledge myself, gentlemen, that my young friend here has a manly stand-up Cornish reason for his words. Also, I pledge myself that they are inoffensive words. He and I are searching for information on a subject which those words generally describe. Such information we may get from the honestest and best of men—may get, or not get, here or any where about here. I hope the Honorable Mr. Arson—I ask his pardon—Parvis—will not object to quiet my young friend's mind by saying Yes or No."

After some time, the obtuse Mr. Parvis was with great trouble and difficulty induced to roar out "No!" For which concession the captain rose and thanked him.

"Now, listen to the next," whispered the captain to the young fisherman. "There may be more in him than in the other crittur. Don't interrupt him. Hear him out."

The chairman with all due formality spun the teetotum, and it reeled into the brandy-and-water of a strong brown man of sixty or so; John Tredgear: the manager of a neighboring mine. He immediately began as follows, with a plain business-like air that gradually warmed as he proceeded.

It happened that at one period of my life the path of my destiny (not a tin path then) lay along the highways and byways of France, and that I had occasion to make frequent stoppages at common French roadside cabarets—that kind of tavern which has a very bad name in French books and French plays. I had engaged myself in an undertaking which rendered such journeys necessary. A very old friend of mine had recently established himself at Paris in a wholesale commercial enterprise, into the nature of which it is not necessary for our present purpose to enter. He had proposed to me a certain share in the undertaking, and one of the duties of my post was to involve occasional journeys among the smaller towns and villages of France, with the view of establishing agencies and opening connections. My friend had applied to me to undertake this function, rather than to a native, feeling that he could trust me better than a stranger. He knew also that, in consequence of my having been half my life at school in France, my knowledge of the language would be sufficient for every purpose that could be required.

I accepted my friend's proposal, and entered with such energy as I could command upon my new mode of life. Sometimes my journeyings from place to place were accomplished by means of the railroad, or other public conveyance; but there were other occasions, and these last I liked the best, when it was necessary I should go to out-of-the-way places, and by such cross-roads as rendered it more convenient for me to travel with a carriage and horse of my own. My carriage was a kind of phaeton without a coach-box, with a leather hood that would put up and down; and there was plenty of room at the back for such specimens or samples of goods as it was necessary that I should carry with me. For my horse—it was absolutely indispensable that it should be an animal of some value, as no horse but a very good one would be capable of performing the long courses, day after day, which my mode of traveling rendered necessary. He cost me two thousand francs, and was any thing but dear at the price.

Many were the journeys we performed together over the broad acres of beautiful France. Many were the hotels, many the auberges, many the bad dinners, many the damp beds, and many the fleas which I encountered en route. Many were the dull old fortified towns over whose draw-bridges I rolled; many the still more dull old towns without fortifications and without draw-bridges, at which my avocations made it necessary for me to halt.

I don't know how it was that on the morning when I was to start from the town of Doulaise, with the intention of sleeping at Francy-le-Grand, I was an hour later in commencing my journey than I ought to have been. I have said I don't know how it was, but this is scarcely true. I do know how it was. It was because on that morning, to use a popular expression, every thing went wrong. So it was an hour later than it ought to have been, Gentlemen, when I drew up the sheepskin lining of my carriage apron over my legs, and establishing my little dog comfortably on the seat beside me, set off on my journey. In all my expeditions I was accompanied by a favorite terrier of mine, which I had brought with me from England. I never traveled without her, and found her a companion.

It was a miserable day in the month of October. A perfectly gray sky, with white gleams about the horizon, gave unmistakable evidence that the small drizzle which was falling would continue for four-and-twenty hours at least. It was cold and cheerless weather, and on the deserted road I was pursuing there was scarcely a human being (unless it was an occasional cantonnier, or road-mender) to break the solitude. A deserted way indeed, with poplars on each side of it, which had turned yellow in the autumn, and had shed their leaves in abundance all across the road, so that my mare's footsteps had quite a muffled sound as she trampled them under her hoofs. Widely-extending flats spread out on either side till the view was lost in an inconceivably melancholy scene, and the road itself was so perfectly straight, that you could see something like ten miles of it diminishing to a point in front of you, while a similar view was visible through the little window at the back of the carriage.

In the hurry of the morning's departure I had omitted to inquire, as I generally did in traveling an unknown road, at what village it would be best for me to stop, about noon, to bait, and what was the name of the most respectable house of public entertainment in my way; so that when I arrived between twelve and one o'clock at a certain place where four roads met, and when at one of the corners formed by their union I saw a great bare-looking inn, with the sign of the Tête Noire swinging in front, I had nothing for it but to put up there, without knowing any thing of the character of the house.

The look of the place did not please me. It was a great, bare, uninhabited-looking house, which seemed much larger than was necessary, and presented a black and dirty appearance, which, considering the distance from any town, it was difficult to account for. All the doors and all the windows were shut; there was no sign of any living creature about the place; and niched into the wall above the principal entrance was a grim and ghastly-looking life-size figure of a Saint. For a moment I hesitated whether I should turn into the open gates of the stable-yard, or go further in search of some more attractive halting-place. But my mare was tired, I was more than half-way on my road, and this would be the best division of the journey. Besides, Gentlemen, why *not* put up here? If I was only going to stop at such places of entertainment as completely satisfied me, externally as well as internally, I had better give up traveling altogether.

There were no more signs of life in the interior of the yard than were presented by the external aspect of the house as it fronted the road. Every thing seemed shut up. All the stables and out-houses were characterized by closed doors, without so much as a straw clinging to their thresholds to indicate that these buildings were sometimes put to a practical use. I saw no manure strewed about the place, and no living creature: no pigs, no ducks, no fowls. It was perfectly still and quiet, and as it was one of those days when a fine small rain descends quite straight, without a breath of air to drive it one way or the other, the silence was complete and distressing. I gave a loud shout, and began undoing the harness while my summons was taking effect.

The first person whom the sound of my voice appeared to have reached was a small but precocious boy, who opened a door in the back of the house, and descending the flight of steps which led to it, approached to aid me in my task. I was just undoing the final buckle on my side of the harness, when, happening to turn round, I discovered, standing close behind me, a personage who had approached so quietly that it would have been a confusing thing to find him so near even if there had been nothing in his appearance which was calculated to startle one. He was the most ill-looking man, Gentlemen, that it was ever my fortune to behold. Nearer fifty than any other age I could give him, his dry, spare nature had kept him as light and active as a restless boy. An absence of flesh, however, was not the only want I felt to exist in the personal appearance of the landlord of the Tête Noire. There was a much more serious defect in him than this. A want of any hint of mercy, or conscience, or any accessible approach to the better side (if there was a better side) of the man's nature. When first I looked at his eyes, as he stood behind me in the open court, and as they rapidly glanced over the comely points of my horse, and thence to the packages inside my carriage, and the portmanteau strapped on in front of it—at that time the color of his eyes appeared to me to be of an almost orange tinge; but when, a minute afterward, we stood together in the dark stable, I noted that a kind of blue phosphorescence gleamed upon their surface, vailing their real hue, and imparting to them a tigerish lustre. The moment when I remarked this, by-the-by, was when the organs I have been describing were fixed upon the very large gold ring which I had not ceased to wear when I adopted my adventurous life, and which you may see upon my finger now. There were two other things about this man that struck me. These were, a bald red projecting lump of flesh at the back of his head, and a deep scar, which a scrap of frouzy whisker on his cheek wholly declined to conceal.

"A nasty day for a journey of pleasure," said the landlord, looking at me with a satirical smile.

"Perhaps it is *not* a journey of pleasure," I answered, dryly.

"We have few such travelers on the road now," said the evil-faced man. "The railroads make the country a desert, and the roads are as wild as they were three hundred years ago."

"They are well enough," I answered, carelessly, "for those who are obliged to travel by them. Nobody else, I should think, would be likely to make use of them."

"Will you come into the house?" said the landlord, abruptly, looking me full in the face.

I never felt a stronger repugnance than I entertained toward the idea of entering this man's doors. Yet what other course was open to me? My mare was already half through the first installment of her oats, so there was no more excuse for remaining in the stable. To take a walk in the drenching rain was out of the question, and to remain sitting in my calèche would have been a worse indication of suspicion and mistrust. Besides, I had had nothing since the morning's coffee, and I wanted something to eat and drink. There was nothing to be done, then, but to accept my ill-looking friend's offer. He led the way up the flight of steps which gave access to the interior of the building.

The room in which I found myself on passing through the door at the top of these steps, was one of those rooms which an excess of light not only fails to enliven, but seems even to invest with an additional degree of gloom. There is *sometimes* this character about light, and I have seen before now a work-house ward, and a barren school-room, which have owed a good share of their melancholy to an immoderate amount of cold gray daylight. This room, then, into which I was shown, was one of those which, on a wet day, seemed several degrees lighter than the open air. Of course it could not be really lighter than the thing that lit it, but it seemed so. It also appeared larger than the whole out-door world; and this, certainly, could not be either, but seemed so. Vast as it was, there appeared through two glass-doors in one of the walls another apartment of similar dimensions. It was not a square room, nor an oblong room, but was smaller at one end than at the other: a phenomenon which, as you have very likely observed, Gentlemen, has always an unpleasant effect. The billiard-table, which stood in the middle of the apartment, though really of the usual size, looked quite a trifling piece of furniture; and as to the other tables, which were planted sparingly here and there for purposes of refreshment, they were quite lost in the immensity of space about them. A cupboard, a rack of billiard cues, a marking-board, and a print of the murder of the Archbishop of Paris in a black frame, alone broke the uniformity of wall. The ceiling, as far as one could judge of any thing at that altitude, appeared to be traversed by an enormous beam with rings fastened into it adapted for suicidal purposes, and splashed with the whitewash with which the ceiling itself and the walls had just been decorated. Even my little terrier, whom I had been obliged to take up in my arms on account of the disposition she had manifested to fly at the shins of our detested landlord, looked round the room with a gaze of horror as I set her down, and trembled and shivered as if she would come out of her skin.

"And so you don't like him, Nelly, and your little beads of eyes, that look up at me from under that hairy pent-house, with nothing but love in them, are all ablaze with fury when they are turned upon his sinister face? And how did he get that scar, Nelly? Did he get it when he slaughtered his last traveler? And what do you think of his eyes, Nelly? And what do you think of the back of his head, my dog? What do you think he's about now, eh? What mischief do you think he's hatching? Don't you wish you were sitting by my side in the calèche, and that we were out on the free road again?"

To all these questions and remarks my little companion responded very intelligibly by faint thumpings of the ground with her tail, and by certain flutterings of her ears, which, from long habits of intercourse, I understood very well to mean that whatever my opinion might be she coincided in it.

I had ordered an omelet and some wine when I first entered the house, and as I now sat waiting for it, I observed that my landlord would every now and then leave what he was about in the other room—where I concluded that he was engaged preparing my meal—and would come and peer at me furtively through the glass-doors which connected the room I was in with that in which he was. Once, too, I heard him go out, and I felt sure that he had retired to the stables, to examine more minutely the value of my horse and carriage.

I took it into my head that my landlord was a desperate rogue; that his business was not sufficient to support him; that he had remarked that I was in possession of a very valuable horse, a carriage which would fetch something, and a quantity of luggage in which there were probably articles of price. I had other things of worth about my person, including a sum of money, without which I could not be traveling about, as he saw me, from place to place.

While my mind was amusing itself with these cheerful reflections a little girl, of about twelve years old, entered the room through the glass-doors, and, after honoring me with a long stare, went to the cupboard at the other end of the apartment, and, opening it with a bunch of keys which she brought with her in her hand, took out a small white paper packet, about four inches square, and retired with it by the way by which she had entered; still staring at me so diligently that, from want of proper attention to where she was going, she got (I am happy to state) a severe bump against the door as she passed through it. She was a horrid little girl this, with eyes that in shirking the necessity of looking straight at any body or any thing, had got at last to look only at her nose—finding it, probably, as bad a nose as could be met with, and therefore a congenial companion. She had, moreover, frizzy and fluey hair, was excessively dirty, and had a slow, crab-like way of going along without looking at what she was about, which was very noisome and detestable.

It was not long before this young lady reappeared, bearing in her hand a plate containing the omelet, which she placed upon the table without going through the previous form of laying a cloth. She next cut an immense piece of bread from a loaf shaped like a ring, and, having clapped this also down upon the dirtiest part of the table, and having further favored me with a wiped knife and fork, disappeared once more. She disappeared to fetch the wine. When this had been brought, and some water, the preparations for my feast were considered complete, and I was left to enjoy it alone.

I must not omit to mention that the horrid waiting-maid appeared to excite as strong an antipathy in the breast of my little dog as that which my landlord himself had stirred up; and, I am happy to say, that as the child left the room I was obliged to interfere to prevent Nelly from harassing her retreating calves.

Gentlemen, an experienced traveler soon learns that he must eat to support nature: closing his eyes, nose, and ears to all suggestions. I set to work then, at the omelet with energy, and at the tough sour bread with good will, and had swallowed half a tumbler of wine and water, when a thought suddenly occurred to me which caused me to set the glass down upon the table. I had no sooner done this than I raised it again to my lips, took a fresh sip, rolled the liquid about in my mouth two or three times, and spat it out upon the floor. But I uttered, as I did so, in an audible tone, the monosyllable "Pooh!"

"Pooh! Nelly," I said, looking down at my dog, who was watching me intensely with her head on one side—"pooh! Nelly," I repeated, "what frantic and inconceivable nonsense!"

And what was it that I thus stigmatized? What was it that had given me pause in the middle of my draught? What thought was it that caused me to set down my glass with half its contents remaining in it? It was a suspicion, driven straight and swift as an arrow into the innermost recesses of my soul, that the wine I had just been drinking, and which, contrary to my custom, I had mingled with water, was drugged!

There are some thoughts which, like noxious insects, come buzzing back into one's mind as often as we repulse them. We confute them in argument, prove them illogical, leave them not a leg to stand upon, and yet there they are the next moment as brisk as bees, and stronger on their pins than ever. It was just such a thought as this with which I had now to deal. It was well to say "Pooh!" it was well to remind myself that this was the nineteenth century, that I was not acting a part in a French melodrama, that such things as I was thinking of were only known in romances; it was well to argue that to set a respectable man down as a murderer, because he had peculiar colored eyes and a scar upon his cheek, were ridiculous things to do. There seemed to be two separate parties within me: one possessed of great powers of argument and a cool judgment: the other, an irrational or opposition party, whose chief force consisted in a system of dogged assertion which all the arguments of the rational party were insufficient to put down.

It was not long before an additional force was imparted to the tactics of the irrational party, by certain symptoms which began to develop themselves in my internal organization, and which seemed favorable to the view of the case I was so anxious to refute. In spite of all my efforts to the contrary, I could not help feeling that some very remarkable sensations were slowly and gradually stealing over me. First of all, I began to find that I was a little at fault in my system of calculating distances: so that when I took up any object and attempted to replace it on the table, I either brought it into contact with that article of furniture with a crash, in consequence of conceiving it to be lower than it was; or else, imagining that the table was several inches nearer to the ceiling than was the case, I abandoned whatever I held in my hand sooner than I should, and found that I was confiding it to space. Then, again, my head felt light upon my shoulders, there was a slight tingling in my hands, and a sense that they, as well as my feet (which were very cold), were swelling to gigantic size, and were also surrounded with numerous rapidly revolving wheels of a light structure, like Catherine-wheels previous to ignition. It also appeared to me that when I spoke to my dog my voice had a curious sound, and my words were very imperfectly articulated.

It would happen, too, that when I looked toward the glass-doors, my landlord was there, peering at me through the muslin curtain: or the horrid little girl would enter, with no obvious intention, and having loitered for a little time about the room, would leave it again. At length the landlord himself came in, and coolly walking up to the table at which I was seated, glanced at the hardly tasted wine before me.

"It would appear that the wine of the country is not to your taste," he said.

"It is good enough," I answered, as carelessly as I could; the words sounding to me as if they were uttered inside the cupola of St. Paul's, and were conveyed by iron tubes to the place I occupied.

I was in a strange state—perfectly conscious, but imperfectly able to control my thoughts, my words, my actions. I believe my landlord stood staring down at me as I sat staring up at him, and watching the Catherine-wheels as they revolved round his eyes and nose and chin—Gentlemen, they seemed absolutely to *fizz* when they got to the scar on his cheek.

At this time a noisy party entered the main room of the auberge, which I have described as being visible through the glass-doors, and the landlord had to leave me for a time to go and attend to them. I think I must have fallen into a slight and strongly-resisted doze, and that when I started out of it it was in consequence of the violent barking of my terrier. The landlord was in the room; he was just unlocking the cupboard from which the little girl had taken the paper parcel. He took out just such another paper parcel, and returned again through the doors. As he did so, I remember stupidly wondering what had become of the little girl. Presently his evil face appeared again at the door.

"I am going to prepare the coffee," said the landlord; "perhaps monsieur will like it better than the wine."

As the man disappeared I started suddenly and violently upon my feet. I could deceive myself no longer. My thoughts were like lightning. "The wine having been taken in so small a quantity and so profusely mixed with water, has done its work (as this man can see) but imperfectly. The coffee will finish that work. He is now preparing it. The cupboard, the little parcel—there can be no doubt. I will leave this place while I yet can. Now or never; if those men whose voices I hear in the other room leave the house it will be too late. With so many witnesses no attempt can be made to prevent my departure. I *will* not sleep—I *will* act—I *will* force my muscles to their work, and get away from this place."

Gentlemen, in compensation for a set of nerves of distressing sensitiveness, I have received from nature a remarkable power of controlling my nerves for a time. I staggered to the door, closing it after me more violently than I had intended, and descended—the fresh air making me feel very giddy—into the yard.

As I went down the steps I saw the truculent little girl of whom I have already spoken entering the yard, followed by a blacksmith, carrying a hammer and some other implements of his trade. Catching sight of me, the little girl spoke quickly to the blacksmith, and in an instant they both changed their course, which was directed toward the stable, and entered an outhouse on the other side of the yard. The thought entered my head that this man had been sent for to drive a nail into my horse's foot, so that in the event of the drugged wine failing I might still be unable to proceed. This horrible idea added new force to my exertions. I seized the shafts of my carriage and commenced dragging it out of the yard and round to the front of the house: feeling that if it was once in the highway there would be less possibility of offering any impediment to my starting. I am conscious of having fallen twice to the ground in my struggles to get the carriage out of the yard. Next, I hastened to the stable. My mare was still harnessed, with the exception of the head-stall. I managed to get the bit into her mouth, and dragged her to the place where I had left the carriage. After I know not how many efforts to place the docile beast in the shafts—for I was as incapable of calculating distances as a drunken man—I recollect, but how I know not, securing the assistance of the boy I had seen. I was making a final effort to fasten the trace to its little pin, when a voice behind me said:

"Are you going away without drinking your coffee?"

I turned round and saw my landlord standing close beside me. He was watching my bungling efforts to secure the harness, but he made no movement to assist me.

"I do not want any coffee," I answered.

"No coffee, and no wine! It would appear that the gentleman is not a great drinker. You have not given your horse much of a rest," he added, presently.

"I am in haste. What have I to pay?"

"You will take something else," said the landlord; "a glass of brandy before starting in the wet?"

"No, nothing more. What have I to pay?"

"You will at least come in for an instant and warm your feet at the stove."

"No. Tell me at once how much I am to pay."

Baffled in all his efforts to get me again into the house, my detested landlord had nothing for it but to answer my demand.

"Four litres of oats," he muttered, "a half-truss of hay, breakfast, wine, coffee"—he emphasized the last two words with a malignant grin—"seven francs fifty centimes."

My mare was by this time somehow or other buckled into the shafts, and now I had to get out my purse to pay this demand. My hands were cold, my head was giddy, my sight was dim, and, as I brought out my purse (which was a porte-monnaie, opening with a hinge), I managed while paying the bill to turn the purse over and to drop some gold pieces.

"Gold!" cried the boy who had been helping me to harness the horse: speaking as if by an irresistible impulse.

The landlord made a sudden dart at it, but instantly checked himself.

"People want plenty of gold," he said, "when they make a journey of pleasure."

I felt myself getting worse. I could not pick up the gold pieces as they lay on the ground. I fell on my knees, and my head bowed forward. I could not hit the place where a coin lay; I could see it but I could not guide my fingers to it. Still I did not yield. I got some of the money up, and the stable-boy, who was very officious in assisting me, gave me one or two pieces—to this day, I don't know how many he kept. I cast a hasty glance around, and seeing no more gold on the ground, raised myself by a desperate effort and scrambled to my place in the carriage. I shook the reins instinctively, and the mare began to move.

The well-trained beast was beginning to trot away as cleverly as usual, when a thought suddenly flashed into my brain, as will sometimes happen when we are just going to sleep—a thought which woke me up like a pistol-shot, and caused me to spring forward and gather up the reins so violently as almost to bring the mare back upon her haunches.

"My dog, my dear little Nelly!" I had left her behind!

To abandon my little favorite was a thing that never entered my head. "No, I must return. I must go back to the horrible place I have just escaped from. He has seen my gold, too, now," I said to myself as I turned my horse's head with many clumsy efforts; "the men who were drinking in the auberge are gone; and what is worse than all, I feel more under the influence of the drugs I have swallowed."

As I approached the auberge once more I remember noticing that its walls looked blacker than ever, that the rain was falling more heavily, that the landlord and the stable-boy were on the steps of the inn, evidently on the look-out for me. One thing more I noticed—on the road a small speck, as of some vehicle nearing the place.

"I have come back for my dog," said I.

"I know nothing of your dog."

"It is false! I left her shut up in the inner room."

"Go there and find her, then," retorted the man, throwing off all disguise.

"I will," was my answer.

I knew it was a trap to get me into the house; I knew I was lost if I entered it; but I did not care. I descended from the carriage, I clambered up the steps with the aid of the balusters, I heard the barking of my little Nelly as I passed through the outer room and approached the glass-doors, steadying myself as I went by the articles of furniture in the room. I burst the doors open, and my favorite bounded into my arms.

And now I felt that it was too late. As I approached the door that opened to the road I saw my carriage being led round to the back of the house, and the form of the landlord appeared in the door-way blocking up the passage. I made an effort to push past him, but it was useless. My little Nelly fell out of my arms on the steps outside; the landlord slammed the door heavily; and I fell, without sense or knowledge, at his feet.

* * * * * * *

It was dark, Gentlemen—dark and very cold. The little patch of sky I was looking up at had in it a marvelous number of stars, which would have looked bright but for a blazing planet which seemed to eclipse, in the absence of the moon, all the other luminaries round about it. To lie thus was, in spite of the cold, quite a luxurious sensation. As I turned my head to ease it a little (for it seemed to have been in this position some time), I felt stiff and weak. At this moment, too, I feel a stirring close beside me, and first a cold nose touching my hand, and then a hot tongue licking it. As to my other sensations, I was aware of a gentle rumbling sound, and I could feel that I was being carried slowly along, and that every now and then there was a slight jolt: one of which, perhaps, more marked than the rest, might be the cause of my being awake at all.

Presently, other matters began to dawn upon my mind through the medium of my senses. I could see the regular movement of a horse's ears walking in front of me; surely I saw, too, part of the figure of a man—a pair of sturdy shoulders, the hood of a coat, and a head with a wide-awake hat upon it. I could hear the occasional sounds of encouragement which seemed to emanate from this figure, and which were addressed to the horse. I could hear the tinkling of bells upon the animal's neck. Surely, too, I heard a rumbling sound behind us, and the tread of a horse's feet—just as if there were another vehicle following close upon us. Was there any thing more? Yes, in the distance I was able to detect the twinkling of a light or two, as if a town were not far off.

Now, Gentlemen, as I lay and observed all these things, there was such a languor shed over my spirits, such a sense of utter but not unpleasant weakness, that I hardly cared to ask myself what it all meant, or to inquire where I was, or how I came there. A conviction that all was well with me, lay like an anodyne upon my heart, and it was only slowly and gradually that any curiosity as to how I came to be so developed itself in my brain. I dare say we had been jogging along for a quarter of an hour during which I had been perfectly conscious, before I struggled up into a sitting posture, and recognized the hooded back of the man at the horse's head.

"Dufay?"

The man with the hooded coat who was walking by the side of the horse, suddenly cried out "Wo!" in a sturdy voice; then ran to the back of the carriage and cried out "Wo!" again; and then we came to a stand-still. In another moment he had mounted on the step of the carriage and had taken me cordially by the hand.

"What," he said, "awake at last? Thank Heaven! I had almost begun to despair of you."

"My dear friend, what does all this mean? Where am I? Where did you come from? This is not my calèche, that is not my horse."

"Both are safe behind," said Dufay, heartily; "and having told you so much, I will not utter another word till you are safe and warm at the Lion d'Or. See! There are the lights of the town. Now, not another word." And pulling the horse-cloth under which I was lying more closely over me, my friend dismounted from the step, started the vehicle with the customary cry of "Allons donc!" and a crack of the whip, and we were soon once more in motion.

Castaing Dufay was a man into whose company circumstances had thrown me very often, and with whom I had become intimate from choice. Of the numerous class to which he belonged, those men whose sturdy vehicles and sturdier horses are to be seen standing in the yards and stables of all the inns in provincial France—the class of the commis-voyageurs, or French commercial travelers—Castaing Dufay was more than a favorable specimen. I was very fond of him. In the course of our intimacy I had been fortunate enough to have the opportunity of being useful to him in matters of some importance. I think, Gentlemen, we like those we have served quite as well as they like us.

The town lights were, indeed, close by, and it was not long before we turned into the yard of the Lion d'Or and found ourselves in the midst of warmth and brightness, and surrounded by faces which, after the dangers I had passed through, looked perfectly angelic.

I had no idea till I attempted to move how weak and dazed I was. I was too far gone for dinner. A bed and a fire were the only things I coveted, and I was soon in possession of both.

I was no sooner snugly ensconced with my head on the pillow, watching the crackling logs as they sparkled—my little Nelly lying outside the counterpane—than my friend seated himself beside me and volunteered to relieve my curiosity as to the circumstances of my escape from the Tête Noire. It was now my turn to refuse to listen, as it had been his before to refuse to speak.

"Not one word," I said, "till you have had a good dinner, after which you will come up and sit beside me, and tell me all I am longing to know. And stay—you will do one thing more for me, I know: when you come up you will bring a plateful of bones for Nelly; she will not leave me to-night, I swear, to save herself from starving."

"She deserves some dinner," said Dufay, as he left the room, "for I think it is through her instrumentality that you are alive at this moment."

The bliss in which I lay after Dufay had left the room is known only to those who have passed through some great danger, or who, at least, are newly relieved from some condition of severe and protracted suffering. It was a state of perfect repose and happiness.

When my friend came back he brought—not only a plate of fowl-bones for Nelly, but a basin of soup for me. When I had finished lapping it up, and while Nelly was still crunching the bones, Dufay spoke as follows:

"I said just now that it was to your little dog you owe the preservation of your life, and I must now tell you how it was. You remember that you left Doulaise this morning—"

"It seems a week ago," I interrupted.

—"This morning," continued Dufay. "Well! You were hardly out of the inn-yard before I drove into it, having made a small stage before breakfast. I heard where you were gone, and as I was going that way too, I determined to give my horse a rest of a couple of hours while I breakfasted and transacted some business in the town, and then to set off after you. 'Have you any idea,' I said, as I left the inn at Doulaise, 'whether monsieur meant to stop en route, and if so, where?' The garçon did not know. 'Let me see,' I said, 'the Tête Noire at Mauconseil would be a likely place, wouldn't it?' 'No,' said the boy; 'the house does not enjoy a good character, and no one from here ever stops there.' 'Well,' said I, thinking no more of what he said, 'I shall be sure to find him. I will inquire after him as I go along.'

"The afternoon was getting on when I came within sight of the inn of the Tête Noire. As you know, I am a little near-sighted, but I saw, as I drew near the auberge, that a conveyance of some kind was being taken round to the yard at the back of the house. This circumstance, however, I should have paid no attention to had not my attention been suddenly caught by the violent barking of a dog, which seemed to be trying to gain admittance at the closed door of the inn. At a second glance I knew the dog to be yours. Pulling up my horse, I got down and ascended the steps of the auberge. One sniff at my shins was enough to convince Nelly that a friend was at hand, and her excitement as I approached the door was frantic.

"On my entering the house I did not at first see you, but on looking in the direction toward which your dog had hastened as soon as the door was opened I saw a dark wooden staircase, which led out of one corner of the apartment I was standing in. I saw also, that you, my friend, were being dragged up the stairs in the arms of a very ill-looking man, assisted by (if possible) a still more ill-looking little girl, who had charge of your legs. At sight of me the man deposited you upon the stairs, and advanced to meet me.

"'What are you doing with that gentleman?' I asked.

"'He is unwell,' replied the ill-looking man, 'and I am helping him up stairs to bed.'

"'That gentleman is a friend of mine. What is the meaning of his being in this state?'

"'How should I know?' was the answer; 'I am not the guardian of the gentleman's health.'

"'Well, then, I *am*,' said I, approaching the place where you were lying; 'and I prescribe, to begin with, that he shall leave this place at once.'

"I must own," continued Dufay, "that you were looking horribly ill, and as I bent over and felt your hardly fluttering pulse, I felt for a moment doubtful whether it was safe to move you. However, I determined to risk it.

"'Will you help me,' I said, 'to move this gentleman to his carriage?'

"'No,' replied the ruffian, 'he is not fit to travel. Besides, what right have you over him?'

"'The right of being his friend.'

"'How do I know that?'

"'Because I tell you so. See, his dog knows me.'

"'And suppose I decline to accept that as evidence, and refuse to let this gentleman leave my house in his present state of health?'

"'You dare not do it.'

"'Why?'

"'Because,' I answered, slowly, 'I should go to the Gendarmerie in the village, and mention under what suspicious circumstances I found my friend here, and because your house has not the best of characters.'

"The man was silent for a moment, as if a little baffled. He seemed, however, determined to try once more.

"'And suppose I close my doors, and decline to let either of you go; what is to prevent me?'

"'In the first place,' I answered, '*I* will effectually prevent your detaining me single-handed. If you have assistance near, I am expected to-night at Francy, and if I do not arrive there, I shall soon be sought out. It was known that I left Doulaise this morning, and most people are aware that there is an auberge on the road which does not bear the best of reputations, and that its name is La Tête Noire. *Now*, will you help me?'

"'No,' replied the savage. 'I will have nothing to do with the affair.'

"It was not an easy task to drag you without assistance from the place where you were lying, out into the open air, down the steps, and to put you into my conveyance, which was standing outside; but I managed to do it. The next thing I had to accomplish was the feat of driving two carriages and two horses single-handed. I could see only one way of managing this. I led my own horse round to the gate of the stable-yard, where I could keep my eye upon him, while I went in search of your horse and carriage, which I had to get right without assistance. It was done at last. I fastened your horse's head by a halter to the back of my carriage, and then leading my own beast by the bridle I managed to start the procession. And so (though only at a foot-pace) we turned our backs upon the Tête Noire. And now you know every thing."

"I feel, Castaing, as if I should never be able to think of this adventure, or to speak of it again. It wears, somehow or other, such a ghastly aspect, that I sicken at the mere memory of it."

"Not a bit of it," said Dufay, cheerily; "you will live to tell it as a stirring tale some winter night, take my word for it."

Gentlemen, the prediction is verified. May the teetotum fall next time with more judgment!

"Wa'al, now!" said Captain Jorgan, rising, with his hand upon the sleeve of his fellow-traveler to keep him down; "I congratulate you, sir, upon that adventer; unpleasant at the time, but pleasant to look back upon, as many adventers in many lives are. Mr. Tredgear, you had a feeling for your money on that occasion, and it went hard on being Stolen Money. It was not a sum of five hundred pound, perhaps?"

"I wish it had been half as much," was the reply.

"Thank you, sir. Might I ask the question of you that has been already put? About this place of Lanrean, did you ever hear of any circumstances whatever that might seem to have a bearing—any how—on that question?"

"Never."

"Thank you again for a straightfor'ard answer," said the captain, apologetically. "You see, we have referred to Lanrean to make inquiries, and happening in among the inhabitants present, we use the opportunity. In my country we always *do* use opportunities."

"And you turn them to good account, I believe, and prosper?"

"It's a fact, sir," said the captain, "that we get along. Yes, we get along, sir.—But I stop the teetotum."

It was twirled again, and fell to David Polreath; an iron-gray man; "as old as the hills," the captain whispered to young Raybrock, "and as hard as nails. And I admire," added the captain, glancing about, "whether Unchris'en Penrewen is here, and which is he!"

David Polreath stroked down the long iron-gray hair that fell massively upon the shoulders of his large-buttoned coat, and spake thus:

THE question was, Did he throw himself over the cliff of set purpose, or did he lose his way in the dusk and fall over accidentally, or was he pushed over by some person or persons unknown?

His body was found nearly fifty yards below the fall, caught in the low branches of the trees that overhang the water at the foot of the track down the cliff. It was shockingly bruised and disfigured, so much so as to be hardly recognizable; but for his clothing, and the name on his linen, I doubt whether any body could have identified him except myself. There was, however, no suspicion of foul play; the signs of rough usage might all have been caused by the body having been driven about among the stones that encumber the bed of the river a long way below the fall.

When I speak of the fall, I speak of the Ashenfall, by Ashendell village, within an hour's drive of this house. This, Gentlemen, is for the information of strangers.

He had been seen by many persons about the village during the day; I myself had seen him go up the hill past the parsonage toward the church: which I rather wondered at, considering who was buried there, and how, and why. I will even confess that I watched him; and he went—as I expected he would, since he had the heart to go near the place at all—round to the back of the church where Honor Livingston's grave is; and there he staid, sitting by himself on the low wall for an hour or more. Sometimes, he turned to look across the valley—many a time and oft I had seen him there before, with Honor beside him, watching, while he sketched the beautiful landscape—and sometimes he had his back to it, and his head down, as if he were watching her grave. Not that there is any thing pleasant or comforting to read there, as on the graves of good Christian people who have died in their beds; for, being a suicide, when they buried her on the north side of the church it was at dusk, and without any service, and, of course, no stone was allowed to be put up over it. Our clergyman has talked of having the mound leveled and turfed over, and I wish he would; it always hurts me when I go up to Sunday service, to see that ragged grave lying in the shadow of the wall, for I remember the pretty little lass ever since she could run alone; and though she was passionate, her heart was as good as gold. She had been religiously brought up, and I am quite sure in my own mind, let the coroner's inquest have said what it would, that she was out of herself, and Bedlam-mad when she did it.

The verdict on him was "accidental death," and he had a regular funeral—priest, bell, clerk, and sexton, complete; and there he lies, only a stone's-throw from Honor, with a ton or two of granite over him, and an inscription, setting forth what a great man he was in his day, and what mighty engineering works he did at home and abroad, and how he sleeps now in the hope of a joyful resurrection with the just made perfect. These present strangers can read it for themselves; many strangers go up to look at it. His grave is as famous as the Ashenfall itself, and I have known folks come away with tears in their eyes after reading the flourishing inscription: believing it all like gospel, and saying how sad that so distinguished a man should have been cut off in the prime of his days. But I don't believe it. He was never any more than plain James Lawrence to me—a young fellow who, as a lad, had paddled bare-legged over the stones of the river as a guide across for visitors; who had been taken a fancy to by one of them, and decently educated; who had made the most of his luck, and done a clever thing or two in engineering; who had come back among us in all his glory, to dazzle most people's eyes, and break little Honor Livingston's heart. The one good thing I know of him was, that he pensioned his poor old mother; but he did not often come near her, and never after Honor Livingston was dead—no, not even in her last illness. It was a marvel to every body what brought him over here, when we saw him the day before he was found dead; but it was his fate, and he couldn't keep away. That is my view of it. About his death, and the manner of it, all Lanrean had its speculation, and said its say; but I held my peace. I had my opinion, however, and I keep it. I have never seen reason to change it; but, on the contrary, I can show you evidence to establish it. I do not believe he either threw himself over the cliff, or fell over, or was pushed over; no, I believe he was drawn over—drawn over by something below. When you have heard the notes he made in a little book that was found among his things after he was dead, you will know what I mean. His cousin gave that book to me, knowing I am curious after odd stories of the neighborhood; and what I am going to read, is written in his hand. I know his hand well, and certify to it:

PASSAGES FROM JAMES LAWRENCE'S JOURNAL.

LONDON, *August* 11, 1829.

Honor Livingston has kept her word with me. I saw her last night as plainly as I now see this pen I am writing with, and the ink-bottle I have just dipped it into. I saw her standing betwixt the two lights, looking at me, exactly as she looked the last time I saw her alive. I was neither asleep, nor dreaming-awake. I had only drunk a couple of glasses of wine at dinner, and was as much my own man as ever I was in my life. It is all nonsense to talk about fancy and optical delusions in this case; I saw her with my eyes as distinctly as I ever saw her alive in the body. The hall clock had just struck eight, and it was growing dusk: exactly the time of evening, as I well remember, when she came creeping round by the cottage wall, and saw me through the open window, gathering up my books and making ready to go away from Ashendell. She was the last thought to have come into my mind at that moment, for I was just on the point of lighting my cigar and going out for a stroll, before turning in at the Daltons to chat with Anne. All at once there she was, Honor herself! I could have sworn it, had I not seen them put her underground just a twelvemonth ago. I could not take my eyes off her; and there she stood, as nearly as I can tell, a minute—but it may have been an hour—and then the place she had filled was empty. I was so much bewildered, and out of myself as it were, that for a while I could neither think of any thing, nor hear any thing, but the mad heavy throbbing of my own pulses. I can not say that I was scared exactly; for the time I was completely rapt away; the first actual sensation I had was of my own heart thumping in my breast like a sledge-hammer.

But I can call her up now and analyze her—a wan, vague, misty outline, with Honor's own eyes full upon me. I can almost fancy I hear her asking again, "Is it true you're going, James? You're not really going, James?"

"Now I am not the man to be frightened by a shadow, though that shadow be Honor Livingston, whom they say I as good as murdered. I always had a turn for investigating riddles, spiritual, physiological, and otherwise; and I shall follow this mystery up, and note whether she comes back to me year by year, as she promised. I have never kept a diary of personal matters before, not being one who cares to see spectres of himself at remote periods of his life, talking to him again of his adventures and misadventures out of yellow old pages that had better never have been written; but this is a marked event worth commemorating, and a well-authenticated ghost-story to me who never believed in ghosts before.

It was a rather spiteful threat of Honor—"I'll haunt you till you come to the Ashenfall, where I'm going now!" I might have stopped her, but it never entered my mind what she meant until it was done. I did not expect she would make a tragedy of a little love story; she did not look like that sort of thing. She was no ghost, bless her! in the flesh, but as round, rosy, dimpled a little creature as one would wish to see; and what could possess her to throw herself over the fall, Heaven only knows. Bah! Yes, *I* know; I need tell no lies here, I need not do any false swearing to myself—the poor little creature loved me, and I wanted her to love me, and I petted and plagued her into loving me, because I was idle and I had the opportunity; and then I had nothing better to tell her than that I was only in jest—I could not marry her, for I was engaged to another woman. She would not believe it. That sounded, to her, more like jest than the other. And she did not believe it until she saw me making ready to go; and then, all in a moment, I suppose, madness seized her, and she neither knew where she went nor what she did.

I fancy I can see her now coming tripping down the fields leading her little brother by the hand, and I fancy I can see the saucy laugh she gave me over her shoulder as I asked her if she had any ripe cherries to sell. She looked the very mischief with those pretty eyes, and I was taken rather aback when she said, "I know you, Jemmy Lawrence.". That was the beginning of it. Little Honor and her mother lived next door to mine, and she had not forgotten me though I had been full seven years away. I did not know her, the gipsy, but I must needs go in and see her that evening; and so we went on until I asked her if she remembered when we went to dame-school together, and when she promised to be my little wife? *If* she remembered! Of course she did, every word of it, and more; and she was so pretty, and the lanes in the summer were so pleasant that sometimes my fancy did *play* Anne Dalton false, and I believed I should like Honor better; and I said more than I meant, and she took it all in the grand serious manner.

I was not much to blame. I would not have injured her for the world; she was as good a little soul as ever lived. Love and jealousy, as passions, seem to find their strong-holds under thatch. If Phillis, the milkmaid, is disappointed, she drowns herself in the mill-pool; if Lady Clara gets a cross of the heart, she indites a lachrymose sonnet, and marries a gouty peer; if Colin's sweet-heart smiles on Lubin, Colin loads his gun and shoots them both; if Sir Harry's fair flouts him, he whistles her down the wind, and goes a-wooing elsewhere. Had little Honor been a fine lady she would be living still. Oh, the pretty demure lips, and the shy glances and rosy blushes! When I saw Anne Dalton to-day I could not help comparing her frigid gentility with poor Honor. Anne loves herself better than she will ever love any man alive. But then I know she is the kind of wife to help a man up in the world, and that is the kind of wife for me.

Honor Livingston lying on her little bed, and her blind mother feeling her cold, dead face! I wish I had never seen it. I would have given the world to keep away, but something compelled me to go in and look at her; and I did feel then as if I had killed her. Last night she was a shadowy essence of this drowned Ophelia and of her living self. She was like, yet unlike; but I knew it was Honor; and I suppose, if she has her will, wherever her restless spirit may be condemned to bide between whiles—on the tenth of August she will always come back to me, and haunt me until I go to her.

Hastings, *August* 11, 1830.

Again! I had forgotten the day—forgotten every thing about that wretched business of poor Honor Livingston when last night I saw her.

Anne and I were sitting together out in the veranda, talking of all sorts of commonplace things—our neighbors' affairs, money, this, that, and the other—the sea was looking beautiful, and I was on the point of proposing a row by moonlight, when Anne said, "How lovely the evenings are, James, in this place! Look at the sky over the down, how clear it is!" Turning my head, I saw Honor standing on the grass only a few paces off, her shadowy shape quite distinct against the reds and purples of the clouds.

Anne clutched my hand with a sudden cry, for she was looking at my face all the time, and asked me passionately what I saw. With that Honor was gone, and, passing my hand over my eyes, I put my wife off with an excuse about a spasm at my heart. And, indeed, it was no lie to say so, for this visitation gave me a terrible shock.

Anne insisted on my seeing the doctor. "It must be something dreadful, if not dangerous, that could make you look in that way; you had an awful face, James, for a moment."

I begged her not to talk about it, assured her that it was a thing of very rare occurrence with me, and that there was no cure for it. But this did not pacify her, and this morning no peace could be had until Dr. Hutchinson was sent for and she had given the old gentleman her own account of me. He said he would talk to me by-and-by. And when he got me by myself, I can not tell how it was, but he absolutely contrived to worm the facts out of me, and I was fool enough to let him do it. He looked at me very oddly, with a sort of suspicious scrutiny in his eye; but I understood him, and said, laughing, "No, doctor, no, there is nothing wrong here," tapping my forehead as I spoke.

"I should say not, except this fancy for seeing ghosts," replied he, dryly. But I perceived, all the time he was with me, that I was the object of a furtive and carefully dissembled observation, which was excessively trying. I could with difficulty keep my temper under it, and I believe he saw the struggle.

I fancy he wanted to have some talk with Anne by herself, but I prevented that by never losing sight of him until he was safely off the premises. If he proposed a private interview while I was out alone, I prevented that, too, by immediately ordering Anne to pack up our traps, and coming back to town that very day. I have not been well since. I feel out of spirits, bored, worried, sick of every thing. If the feeling does not leave me, in spite of all Anne may say, I shall take that offer to go to South America, and start by the next packet. I should like to see Dr. Hutchinson's face when he calls at our lodgings to visit his patient, and finds the bird flown.

London, *August* [illegible]0.

This wretched state of things does n[illegible]ase. One day I feel in full, firm, clear possession of my soul, and the next, perhaps, I am hurried to and fro with the most tormenting fancies. I see shadows of Honor wherever I turn, and she is no longer motionless as before, but beckons me with her hand until I tremble in every limb. My heart is sick almost to death. For three days now I have had no rest. I can not sleep at nights for hideous dreams; and Anne watches me stealthily, I see, and never remains alone with me longer than she can help. I can perceive that she is afraid of me, and that she suspects something, without exactly knowing what. To-day she must needs suggest my seeing a doctor here, and when I replied that I was going to South America, she told me I was not fit for it, in such a contemptuous tone of provocation that I lifted my hand and struck her. Then she quailed, and while shrinking under my eyes, she said, "James, your conduct is that of a madman!" Since then I know she sits with me in silent terror, longing to escape and find some one to listen to her grievances. But I shall keep strict ward that she does nothing of the kind. I will not have my foes of my own household, and no spying relatives shall come between us to put asunder those whom God has joined together.

Acapulco, *March* 17, 1831.

It is six months since I wrote the above. In the interval I have been miserably ill, grievously tormented both in mind and body; but now that I have got safely away from them all, with the Atlantic between myself and my wicked wife, whose conduct toward me I will never forgive, I can collect my powers of mind, and bend them again to my work. Burton came out in the same ship with me to engage in the same enterprise. After a few days' rest we intend setting out on our journey to the mining districts, where we are to act. My head feels perfectly light and clear, all my impressions are distinct and vivid again, and I can get through a hard day's close study without inconvenience. There was nothing but my miserable liver to blame, and when that was set right all my imaginary phantoms disappeared. Umpleby said it had been coming on gradually for months, and that there was nothing at all extraordinary in my delusions; my diseased state was one always so attended more or less. And Anne, in her cowardly malignity, would have consigned me for life to a lunatic asylum! It was Umpleby who saved me, and I have put his name down in my will for a handsome remembrance. As for Anne, she has chosen to return to her family, and they may keep her; she will never see my face again, of my free will, as long as I live.

The picturesqueness of this place is not noteworthy in any high degree. The harbor is inclosed by a chain of mountains, and has two entrances formed by the island of Roquetta; the castle of St. Diego commands the town and the bay, standing on a spur of the hills. Burton has been to and fro on his rambles ever since we landed; but I find the heat too great for much exertion, and when we begin our journey into the interior I shall have need of all my forces; therefore, better husband them now.

Mexico, *April* 24, 1831.

We are better off here than we anticipated. Burton has found an old fellow-pupil engaged as engineering tutor in the School of Mines, and there are civilized amusements which we neither of us had any hope of finding. The city is full of ancient relics, and Burton is on foot exploring, day by day. I prefer the living interests of this strange place, and sometimes early in the morning I betake myself to the market-place and watch the Indians dress their stalls. No matter what they sell, they decorate their shops with fresh herbs and flowers until they are sheltered under a bower of verdure. They display their fruit in open basket-work, laying the pears and raisins below, and covering them above with odorous flowers. An artist might make a pretty picture here, when the Indians arrive at sunrise in their boats loaded with the produce of their floating gardens. Next week Burton, his friend, and I are to set out for the mines of Moran and Real del Monte. I should have preferred to delay our journey a while longer for reasons of my own; but Burton presses, and feels we have already delayed longer than enough.

Moran, *July* 4, 1831.

I am sick of this place, but our business here is now on the verge of completion, and in a few days we start on our expedition to the mines of Guanamato. The director, Burton, and myself, are all of opinion that immense advantages are to be gained by improving the working of the mines, which is, at present, in a very defective condition. There is great mortality among the Indians, who are the beasts of burden of the mines; they carry on their backs loads of metal of from two hundred and fifty to three hundred and fifty pounds at a time, ascending and descending thousands of steps, in files which contain old men of seventy and mere children. I have not been very well here, having had some return of old symptoms, but under proper treatment they dispersed; however, I shall be thankful to be on the move again.

Pascuaro, *August* 11, 1831.

Can any man evade his thoughts, impalpable curses sitting on his heart, mocking like fiends? I can not evade mine. All yesterday I was haunted by a terrible anxiety and dread. At every turn, at every moment, I expected to see Honor Livingston appear before me, but I did not see her. The day and the night passed, and I was freed from that great horror—how great I had not realized, until its hour had gone and left no trace. This morning I am myself again; my spirits revive; I have escaped my enemy, and have proved that it was, indeed, but a subtle emanation of my own diseased body and mind. But these thoughts, these troublesome persistent thoughts, how combat them? Burton, very observant of me at all times, was yesterday watchful as an inquisitor; he said he hoped I was not going to have the frightful fever which is prevailing here, but I know he meant something else. I have not a doubt now that Anne and all that confederacy warned him before we set sail to beware of me, for I had been mad; that is the cursed lie they set abroad. Mad! All the world's mad, or on the way to it!

But if Honor had come back to me yesterday, we might have gone and have looked down together into hell, through the ovens of Jorulla. The missionaries cursed this frightful place generations since; and it is accursed, if ever land was. Nothing more awful than this desolate burning waste, which the seas could not quench. When I remember it, and all I underwent yesterday, the confusion and horror return upon me again, and my brain swerves like the brain of a drunken man. I will write no more—sufficient to record that the appointed time came and went, and Honor Livingston did not keep her word with me.

New Orleans, *February*, 1832.

I left Burton still in Mexico, and came here alone. His care and considerateness were more than I could put up with, and after two or three ineffectual remonstrances, we came to a violent rupture, and I determined to throw up my engagement, rather than carry it out in conjunction with such a man. There was no avoiding the quarrel. Was I to be tutored day by day, and the wine-bottle removed out of my reach? He dared to tell me that when I was cool, clear—myself, in short—there was no man my master in our profession; but that when I had drunk freely I was unmanageable as a lunatic! A lie, of course; but unscrupulous persecutors are difficult to circumvent. Anne's malice pursues me even here. When I was out yesterday, my footsteps were dogged pertinaciously wherever I went, and perhaps an account of my doings will precede me home; but if they do, I defy them all to do their worst.

Ashendell, *August* 9, 1839.

This old book turned up to-day, among some traps that have lain by in London all the years that I have spent, first in Spain and afterward in Russia. What fool's-talk it is; but I suppose it was true at the time. I know I was in a wretched condition while I was in Mexico and in the States, but I have been sane enough and sound enough ever since the illness I had at Baltimore. To prove how little hold on me my ancient horrors have retained, I find myself at Ashendell in the very season of the year when Honor Livingston destroyed herself—to-morrow is the anniversary of her death. So I take my enemy by the throat, and crush him! These fantastical maladies will not stand against a determined will. At Moscow, at Cherson, at Archangel, the tenth of August has come and gone, unmarked. Honor failed of her threat every where except at Lisbon. I saw her there twice, just before we sailed. I saw her, when we were off that coast where we so nearly escaped wreck, rising and falling upon the waves. I saw her in London that day I appointed to see Anne. But I know what it means: it means that I must put myself in Umpleby's hands for a few weeks, and that the shadows will forthwith vanish. Shadows they are, out of my own brain, and they take the shape of Honor because I have let her become a fixed idea in my mind. Yet it is very strange that the last time she appeared to me I heard her speak. I fancied she said that it was Almost time; and then louder, "I'll haunt you James, until you come to the Ashenfall, where I am going now!" And with that she vanished. Fancy plays strange tricks with us, and makes cowards of us almost as cleverly as conscience.

August 10.

I have had a very unpleasant impression on me all day. I wish I had resisted Linchley's persuasions more steadily. I ought never to have come down here again. The excitement of its miserable recollections is too much for me. The man at the inn called me by my name this morning, and said he recollected me—looking up toward the church as he spoke. Damn him! All day I seem to have been acting against my will. What should possess me to go there this afternoon? Round about among the graves, until I came to the grassy hillock on the north side of the church, where they buried Honor that night, without a prayer. I sat down on the low wall, and looked across to the hills beyond the river, listening to the monotonous sing-song of the fall. I would give all I possess to-day to be able to tread back or to untread a score of the years of my life. It seems such a blank; of all I planned and schemed how little have I accomplished! Watching by Honor's grave, I fell to thinking of her. What had either of us done that we should be so wretched? Is it part and parcel of the great injustice of life that some must suffer so signally while others escape? The coarse grass is never cut at the north side of the church, nettles and brambles grow about the grave. Honor was mad, poor soul; they might have given her a prayer for rest, if they were forbidden to believe she died in hope. I prayed for her to-day—more need, perhaps, to pray for myself—and then there came a crazed whirl in my brain, and I set off to find Linchley. As I came down near the water, the fall sounded very tumultuous; it was sultry hot, and I should have liked to turn down by the river, but I said, "No, it is the tenth of August! If I am to meet Honor Livingston to-day, I'll not meet her by Ashenfall!" So I came home to our lodgings, to find that Linchley had gone over to Warfe, and had left a message that he should not return until to-morrow. I have the night before me alone; it is not like an English night at all; it is like the nights I remember at Cadiz, which always heralded a tremendous storm. And I think we shall have a storm here, too, before the morning.

Those were the last words James Lawrence ever wrote, Gentlemen. Further than this no man can speak of his death; it is plain to me that one of his mad fits was coming on before he left Lisbon; that it grew and increased until he came here; and that here it reached its climax, and urged him to his death. I believe in the ghosts James Lawrence saw, as I believe in the haunting power of any great misdeed that has driven a fellow-creature into deadly sin.

When David Polreath had finished, the chairman gave the teetotum such a swift and sudden twirl, to be beforehand with any interruption, that it twirled among all the glasses, and into all corners of the table, and finally flew off the table and lodged in Captain Jorgan's waistcoat.

"A kind of a judgment!" said the captain, taking it out. "What's to be done now? *I* know no story, except Down Easters, and *they* didn't happen to myself, or any one of my acquaintance, and you couldn't enjoy 'em without going out of your minds first. And perhaps the company ain't prepared to do that?"

The chairman interposed by rising and declaring it to be his perroud perrivilege to stop preliminary observations.

"Wa'al," said the captain, "I defer to the President—which an't at all what they do in my country, where they lay into him, head, limbs, and body." Here he slapped his leg. "But I beg to ask a preliminary question. Colonel Polreath has read from a diary. Might I read from a pipe-light?"

The chairman requested explanation.

"The history of the pipe-light," said the captain, "is just this: that it's verses, and was made on the voyage home by a passenger I brought over. And he was a quiet crittur of a middle-aged man, with a pleasant countenance. And he wrote it on the head of a cask. And he was a most etarnal time about it tew. And he blotted it as if he had wrote it in a continual squall of ink. And then he took an indigestion, and I physicked him, for want of a better doctor. And then to show his liking for me he copied it out fair, and gave it to me for a pipe-light. And it ain't been lighted yet, and that's a fact."

"Let it be read," said the chairman.

"With thanks to Colonel Polreath for setting the example," pursued the captain, "and with apologies to the Honorable A. Parvis and the whole of the present company for this passenger's having expressed his mind in verses—which he may have done along of bein' sea-sick, and he was very—the pipe-light, unrolled, comes to this:

We sit by the fire so wide and red,
With the dance of the young within,
Who have yet small learning of cold and dread,
And of sorrow no more than of sin;
Nor dream of a night on a sleepless bed
Of waves with their terrible wrecks o'erspread.

We sit round the hearth as red as gold,
And the legends beloved we tell,
How battles were won by the nobles bold,
Where hamlets of villains fell:
And we praise our God, while we cut the bread,
And share the wine round, for our heroes dead.

And we talk of the Kings, those strong, proud men,
Who ravaged, confessed, and died;
And of churls who rabbled them oft and again,
Perchance with a kindred pride—
Though the Kings built churches to pierce the sky,
And the rabbling churls in the cross-road lie.

Yet 'twixt the despot and slave half-free
Old Truth may have message clear;
Since the hard black yew, and the lithe young tree,
Belong to an age—and a year,
And though distant in might and in leaf they be,
In right of the woods, they are near.

And old Truth's message, perchance, may be:
"*Believe in thy kind, whate'er the degree,*
Be it King on his throne, or serf on his knee,
While Our Lord showers light, in his bounty free,
On the rock and the vale—on the sand and the sea."

They are singing within, with their voices dear,
To the tunes which are dear as well;
And we sit and dream while the words we hear,
Having tale of our own to tell—
Of a far midnight on the terrible sea,
Which comes back on the tune of their blithe old glee.

As old as the hills, and as old as the sky—
As the King on his throne—as the serf on his knee,
A song wherein rich can with poor agree,
With its chorus to make them laugh or cry—
Which the young are singing, with no thought nigh,
Of a night on a terrible sea:
"I care for nobody; no, not I,
Since nobody cares for me."

The storm had its will. There was wreck—there was flight
O'er an ocean of Alps, through the pitch-black night,
When a good ship sank, and a few got free,
To cope in their boat with the terrible sea.

And when the day broke, there was blood on the sea,
From the wild hot eye of the sun outshed,
For the heaven was a-flame as with fire from Hell,
And a scorching calm on the waters fell,
As if Ruin had won, and with fiendish glee,
Sailed forth in his galley to number the dead.

And they rowed their boat o'er the terrible sea,
As mute as a crew made of ghosts might be:
For the best in his heart had not manhood to say,
That the land was five hundred miles away.

A day and a week—There was bread for one man;
The water was dry. And on this, the few
Who were rowing their boat o'er the terrible sea,
To murmur, to curse, and to crave began.
And how 'twas agreed on, no one knew,
But the feeble and famished and scorched by the sun,
With his pitiless eye, drew lots to agree,
What their hideous morrow of meat must be.

O then were the faces frightful to read,
Of ravening hope, and of cowardly pride
That lies to the last, its sharp terror to hide;
And a stillness as though 'twere some game of the Dead,
While they waited the number their lot to decide—
There were nine in that boat on the terrible sea,
And he who drew NINE was the victim to be.

You may think what a ghastly shiver there ran,
From mate to his mate, as the doom began.

Six—had a wife with a wild rose cheek;
Two—a brave boy, not a year yet old;
Eight—his last sister, lame and weak,
Who quivered with palsy more than with cold.

You may think what a breath the respited drew,
And how wildly still sat the rest of the crew;
How the voice as it called spoke hoarser and slower;
The number it next dared to speak was—FOUR.

'Twas the rude black man, who had handled an oar
  The best on that terrible sea of the few.
And ugly and grim in the sunshine glare
  Were his thick parched lips, and his dull small eyes,
And the tangled fleece of his rusty hair—
  Ere the next of the breathless the death-lot drew,
  His shout like a sword pierced the silence through.

Let the play end with your Number Four.
  What need to draw? Live along you few
Who have hopes to save and have wives to cry
  O'er the cradles of children free!
What matter if folk without home should die,
  And be eaten by land or sea?
    "I care for nobody; no, not I,
    Since nobody cares for me!"

And with that, a knife—and a heart struck through—
  And the warm red blood, and the cold black clay,
And the famine withdrawn from among the few,
  By their horrible meal for another day!

So the eight, thus fed, came at last to land,
  And the tale of their shipmate told,
As of water found in the burning sand,
  Which braves not the thirsty, cold.
But the love of the listener, safe and free,
Goes forth to that slave on that terrible sea.

For, fancies from hearth and from home will stray,
  Though within are the dance and the song;
And a grave tale told, if the tune be gay,
  Says little to scare the young.
While they sing, with their voices clear as can be,
Having called, once more, for the blithe old glee—
    "I care for nobody; no, not I,
    Since nobody cares for me."

But the careless tune, it saith to the old,
Who sit by the hearth as red as gold,
When they think of their tale of the terrible sea;
"Believe in thy kind, whate'er the degree,
Be it King on his throne, or serf on his knee,
While our Lord showers good from his bounty free,
Over storm, over calm, over land, over sea."

Mr. Parvis had so greatly disquieted the minds of the Gentlemen King Arthurs for some minutes, by snoring with strong symptoms of apoplexy—which, in a mild form, was his normal state of health—that it was now deemed expedient to wake him and entreat him to allow himself to be escorted home. Mr. Parvis's reply to this friendly suggestion could not be placed on record without the aid of several dashes, and is therefore omitted. It was conceived in a spirit of the profoundest irritation, and executed with vehemence, contempt, scorn, and disgust. There was nothing for it but to let the excellent gentleman alone, and he fell, without loss of time, into a defiant slumber.

The teetotum being twirled again, so buzzed and bowed in the direction of the young fisherman, that Captain Jorgan advised him to be bright and prepare for the worst. But it started off at a tangent, late in its career, and fell before a well-looking bearded man (one who made working-drawings for machinery, the captain was informed by his next neighbor), who promptly took it up, like a challenger's glove.

"Oswald Penrewen!" said the chairman.

"Here's Unchris'en at last!" the captain whispered Alfred Raybrock. "Unchris'en goes ahead right smart; don't he?"

He did, without one introductory word.

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT NUMBER.]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Burnett's Cocoaine.

This is an article which we can heartily recommend, and that from knowing its great virtues. One particular case in our family of its efficacy we will mention. The person had suffered with a low fever, which was most tedious, and which left her with a terrible neuralgia in the head. The effect of these complaints was to cause much of the hair to fall off, and there seemed to be no power in the skin to give life to what remained. After she had tried some other preparations with no good results, we procured for her a bottle of *Cocoaine*, and the change which its use soon made was truly remarkable. The roots of the hair at once received new life, and before a bottle had been used the large spot upon the top of the head which appeared to be bald, was covered with what seemed a new growth of hair. And now she has as fine and healthy a head of hair as before her sickness. This Cocoaine is also a valuable article for children's hair, which is very apt to be dry. A very small quantity will keep their hair moist and their heads clean.

What we say of this article we say from our own actual knowledge, not for the sake of puffing the Cocoaine, but because we think others may be benefitted by our experience.

—*Boston Christian Freeman.*

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Callender's Carbo-Air Gas Lamp, unsurpassed for burning Coal Oil without wick or chimney. On receipt of $3, we will send a sample Lamp to any address, or will send it by express, collect on delivery, purchaser to pay charges. Enclose stamp, and send for Circular. Agents wanted. Address CALLENDER & PERCE, Dealers in Oils and Lamps, 175 Broadway and 2 Courtlandt Street, N. Y.

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Parlor Skates,

From $1 75 to $3 50, according to size.

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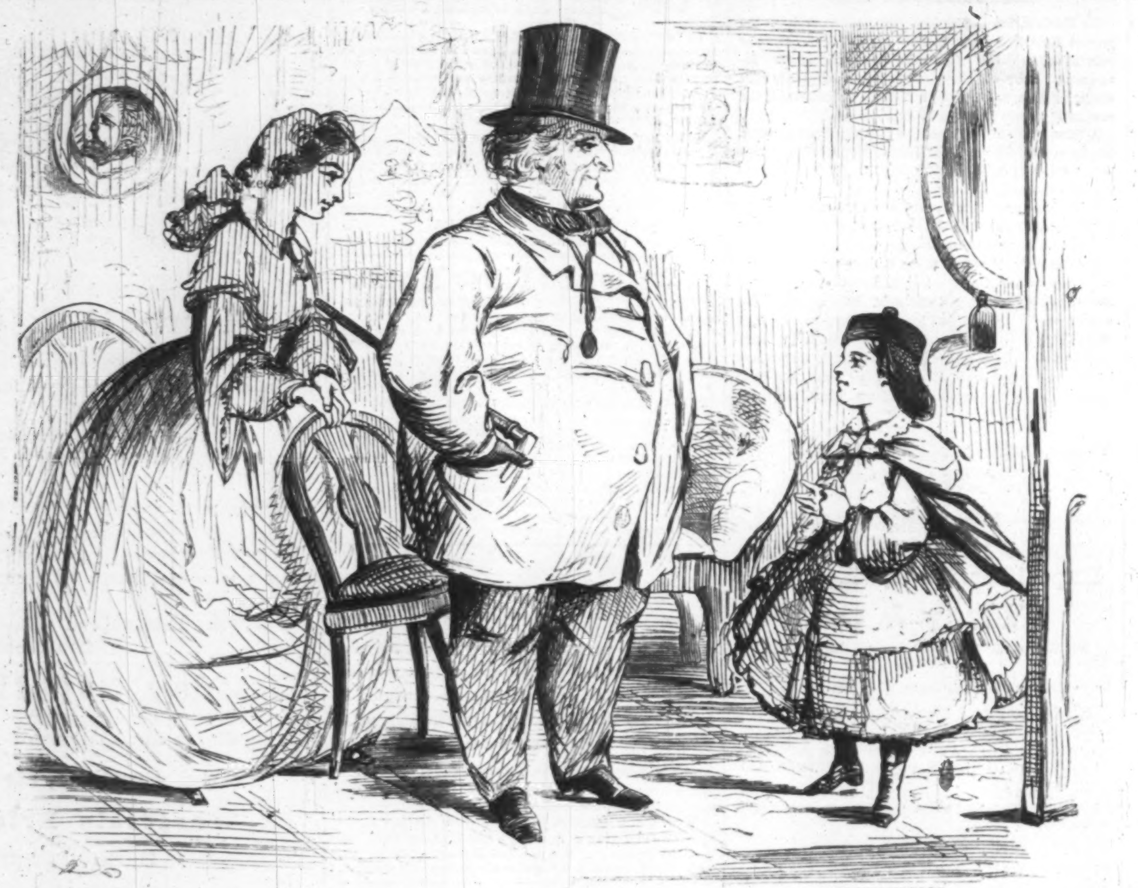

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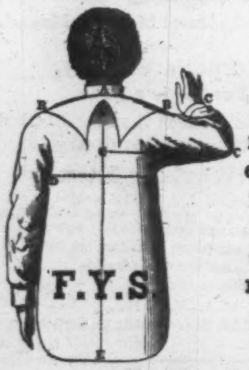

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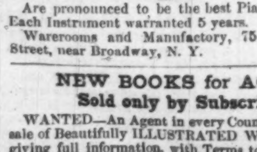

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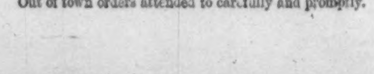

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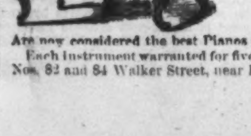

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HARPER'S

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

For January, 1861.

NUMBER CXXVIII.] CONTENTS. [JANUARY, 1861.

A PEEP AT WASHOE. By J. ROSS BROWNE.—(*Second Paper.*)

ILLUSTRATIONS.—Carson City.—The Trail from Strawberry.—We are Waiting for You.—A Short Cut.—Diogenes.—The Stage.—Devil's Gate.—Virginia City.—A Question of Title.—Gold Hill.—My Claim, Sir.—San Francisco Speculators.—A Fall.—Assay Office.—The Comstock Lead.—Silver Certain.—The Claims.—Indications, sure.

THE BATTLE OF THE COWPENS.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—Gold Medal awarded to Morgan.—Daniel Morgan.—Colonel Tarleton.—John E. Howard.—William Washington.

CAST AWAY IN JAMAICA.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—Port Royal.—Kingston Harbor.—Spruce Beer.—King Street, Kingston.—Jamaican Arab.—Head-Quarter House, Kingston.—Harbor Street, Kingston.—House in Kingston.—The Government Mail.—Group in Market-Place.—West Indian Soldiers.—Entering Horses.—Regimental Band.—Square of Spanish Town.

No. 10 BLANK STREET.
HOW CHARLIE CAME HOME.
THE NEW ROUTE THROUGH CHIRIQUI. By THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER.
THE BIRTHDAY OF ROBERT BURNS.
MELLICENT'S MALADY.
MY UNCLE.
STORY OF A GRAY SHAWL.
AN INTERVIEW WITH MARTIN LUTHER.
GOSSIP ABOUT A GREAT PAINTER.
THE SLEIGHERS.
ABOUT THOMAS HOOD. By W. M. THACKERAY.
WATCHING AND WISHING. By CHARLOTTE BRONTE.
THE HISTORY OF A FABLE.
SUCCESS.
A DREAM OF THE CAVALIERS. By JOHN ESTEN COOKE.
MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.
LITERARY NOTICES.
EDITOR'S TABLE.
EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.
OUR FOREIGN BUREAU.
EDITOR'S DRAWER.
AN ANIMATED ALPHABET.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H, I, J, K, L, M, N, O, P, Q, R, S, T, U, V, W, X, Y, Z.

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